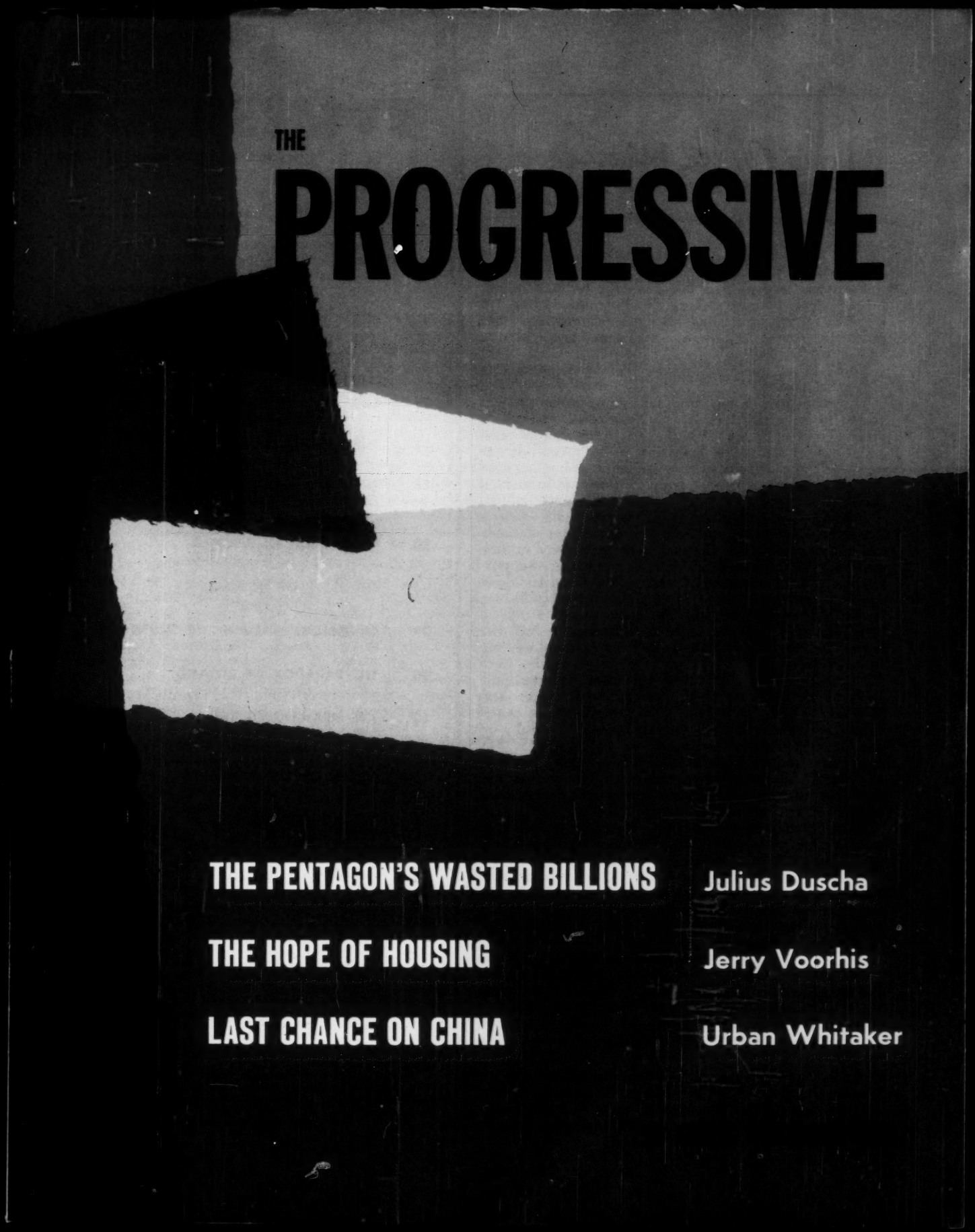
THE
PROGRESSIVE
THE PENTAGON'S WASTED BILLIONS
Julius Duscha
THE HOPE OF HOUSING
Jerry Voorhis
LAST CHANCE ON CHINA
Urban Whitaker

Office memo

"I DON'T mind sending you the enclosed check in response to your appeal," writes Mrs. William Minter of Portland, Oregon, "—in fact, I'm *delighted* to help out, if that's what is needed to keep *The Progressive* going. It's a wonderful magazine. But why can't such an important publication make its own way by increasing circulation and selling advertising?"

That's a fair question, and we want to respond with a clear-cut answer.

The economics of magazine publishing in our times is geared to huge circulation. *The Progressive,* along with other journals that appeal to the serious, thoughtful reader, is not the kind of magazine with "something for everyone" that attracts a mass audience. Our goal is to express an urgently needed point of view, not to make a profit.

But magazine publishing is such a precarious business that even a gigantic circulation is no guarantee of financial success these days. *Coronet,* with some three million more subscribers than *The Progressive,* is suspending publication this fall because of tremendous financial losses. *Collier's,* with more than four million circulation, collapsed a few years ago for the same reason. Scores of magazines have met the same fate during the fifty-two years *The Progressive* has been the voice of progressivism in America.

Not a single magazine among the several respected publications in *The Progressive's* general field comes close to breaking even. Actually, *The Progressive* comes closest to paying its way. But all the others have a wealthy organization or family standing by to pay the bills. *The Progressive* is unique in its dependence upon thousands of "angels" of modest means who contribute five, or ten, or twenty dollars each toward keeping their magazine alive.

Why do they do it? Josephus Bronson, of Brooklyn, New York, has provided a more eloquent response to that question than any answer we could give.

"I am not a rich man," writes Mr. Bronson, "in terms of money. But I am richer than anyone I know in knowledge and understanding of the world in which we live because of *The Progressive.* The contribution enclosed is not a gift, but rather a payment on the great debt I owe to a magazine that has given me more than I can ever repay. My wife and I count *The Progressive* among the necessities of life, and we would consider it a tragedy equal to losing our home if its voice should ever be silenced. Our sincerest hope is that there are enough others like ourselves to keep *The Progressive* from going under."

We can add nothing but our profound thanks to Mr. Bronson's eloquence—except to echo his hope that there are "enough others" like him to keep *The Progressive* alive, and that they will mail their contribution today.

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The

FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, SR.

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The Progressive makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

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PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

'The Foul Winds of War'

THIS HAS BEEN a month of deepening despair in the quest for peace—a month in which the hope for negotiated settlements between the Soviets and ourselves flickered ever more feebly in what India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru called "the foul winds of war." It was the month in which the Soviets slammed shut the gates from East to West Berlin and then embarked on unilateral resumption of nuclear testing even as the test ban conference was still in session in Geneva.

The Kremlin's cynical decision to resume the testing of nuclear weapons torpedoed three years of patient negotiations to achieve an enforcible moratorium and triggered new tensions in a world tormented with recurring crises. Coming as it did, on the eve of the Belgrade conference of "non-aligned" nations, the Soviet announcement revealed a brutal contempt for "neutral" opinion, while its decision to test in, and thus poison, the atmosphere disclosed a shocking irresponsibility toward all mankind.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the Kremlin's decision. We confess to having no inside information, but we suggest that one or a combination of these reasons could be responsible:

¶ Premier Nikita Khrushchev, caught up in a bitter political struggle within the Communist camp, yielded, perhaps against his better judgment, to the pressures of his own military clique and those of the belligerent leaders of Communist China.

¶ Soviet strategists successfully insisted that Russia was lagging perilously behind the United States in the development of medium-sized nuclear weapons.

¶ The Kremlin decided that resumption of tests would add a new dimension of terror to its strategy for achieving a settlement of the crisis over Berlin on its own terms.

Whatever the reason, and it might well be something far afield from anything we have suggested, the Soviet decision provided the United States with an extraordinary opportunity to assume world leadership for peace by condemning the Kremlin's criminal conduct but refraining from testing ourselves until we could place the whole issue before the United Nations Assembly, which was then about to convene.

There was condemnation of the Soviets all right, the most savage from commentators and Congressmen who, just the day before and for many weeks before that, had demanded that the United States take precisely the same step for which they were now damning the Kremlin—the unilateral resumption of nuclear testing. But we failed miserably on the second count when we proclaimed our own policy of embarking on new nuclear testing.

Herblock in The Washington Post

Out of the Bottle

"We have no other choice," said President Kennedy, "in fulfillment of the responsibilities of the U.S. government to its own citizens and to the security of other free nations." But only a few days before, in his first response to the Soviet resumption of testing, he had indicated that we would not resume testing, at least not immediately, and had gone on to assure us "and the other free nations" that our existing stockpile of nuclear weapons "is wholly adequate for the defense needs of the United States and the free world."

There were only two weeks to go before the United Nations Assembly would convene, but Mr. Kennedy could not wait. Why? Again we have no inside information, but we suspect that, much as Mr. Khrushchev may have done, the President retreated under pressure from the military crowd in the Pentagon and in Congress.

There are times, and this is one of them, when Mr. Kennedy, perhaps lacking a basic approach to some of the issues of foreign policy, seems so whiplashed by conflicting counsel that he yields now to one point of view and soon to another quite different. He was moving on the right track, in our judgment, when he calmly refused to announce renewal of United States testing after the Soviet decision became known, but he was derailed during the same week when he capitulated to new pressures and took the easy way out. How else can one account for his sudden decision to test after having assured the nation and the free world that we possess a "wholly adequate" stockpile of nuclear weapons?

President Kennedy has also displayed a marked ambivalence on the

subject of negotiation with the Soviets, especially over the worsening crisis in Berlin. In his July 25 address to the nation on Berlin, the Chief Executive urgently emphasized the need for negotiation. More recently, he told the ambassador from Ceylon: "The dangerous problems of the day, we are convinced, can and should be solved by sincere negotiations so that a just and durable peace may be established firmly and the energies of all nations may be directed to the improvement of living standards and the pursuit of a better and happier life for all peoples."

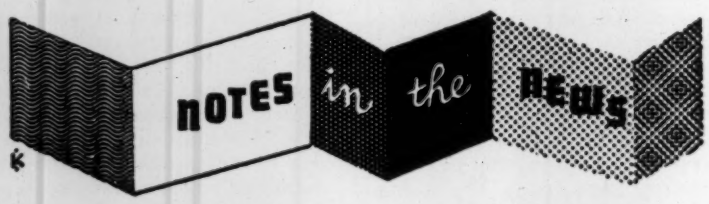
These are fine phrases, and we applaud them unreservedly, but up to the point we were writing this in mid-September, the President had made no move to translate his words into action. Every proposal for negotiation has come from Mr. Khrushchev, none from Mr. Kennedy. We are mindful of the difficulties that confront the President—the Kremlin's bullying tactics and the powerful resistance at home to negotiation, which is falsely equated with appeasement. But these are not insurmountable barriers if there is a determined will to achieve negotiated settlements.

In a recent column, James Reston, chief Washington correspondent for the New York *Times*, reported his impression that President Kennedy "is not wedded to any formula for Berlin save the genuine preservation of its freedom and the preservation of the honor of the United States. His mind is not cluttered up with rigid commitments to the technicalities of the past. His emotions are not engaged in the defense of lines on the map. . . . He will negotiate in good faith but he will not be bullied."

It is comforting to learn from so accurate an observer as Reston that the President is not married to a rigid formula or the technicalities of the past. This should help enormously if and when negotiations begin. But what is lacking is any evidence that we have a policy to propose or a position to take at the bargaining table. The assertion that we are committed to "standing firm" on Berlin is not a policy but a slogan. Yet Mr. Kennedy has done little to prepare public opinion to understand that we will have to give as well as take during negotiations, that a settlement which falls short of what we would regard as the perfect solution does not in itself mean appeasement. It will take a high order of statesmanship at home, Walter Lippmann wrote recently, to repair the damage that has been done to our bargaining position as the result of recent developments. "Such statesmanship," he warns us, "does not come cheaply. Besides insight and imagination it will need the kind of moral courage which is rare, the courage to tell the people hard and unpopular truths which it has long been thought inexpedient to speak out about."

President Kennedy briefly recognized the need to discuss hard and unpopular truths with the people in his July 25 speech to the country in which he acknowledged the presence of "irritants" for the Soviet Union in West Berlin and added: "We recognize the Soviet Union's historical concern about their security in Central and Eastern Europe after a series of ravaging invasions—and we believe arrangements can be worked out [to alleviate] those concerns." But this short passage was engulfed by the rest of a speech that emphasized military build-up to preserve the *status quo* in Berlin.

A new opportunity to make a fresh start awaits Mr. Kennedy now. The convening of the United Nations this month makes possible a preliminary round of discussion at the foreign minister level—discussion which would be designed to pave the way for full scale negotiations. We hope the President makes the most of this chance, however great may be the rocket-rattling provocations of the Kremlin. We believe that what Ambassador George F. Kennan, one of our ablest students of the Soviet Union, said in another connection is applicable to the crisis over Berlin: "We will never know whether the Soviet leaders will go through an open door until we stop trying to push them through a closed one."



Uncivil Defense

Things are booming big over at the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization in Washington and its outlets around the country. As a result of the Berlin crisis and the recent resumption of nuclear testing, the flow of inquiries on how to build a fallout shelter has reached "tidal wave proportions," according to a buoyant announcement of the OCDM. But another wave, perhaps not yet tidal in magnitude, was pounding hard at the program at the same time. This was the wave of fear that swept over those who have built, or are building, or are about to build an underground haven—the fear that they would be invaded, not by the Russians in this instance, but by neighbors seeking to share their shelters if and when the nuclear burning begins.

A survey by *The Wall Street Journal* summed it up this way:

"Fallout shelter builders strive hard to guarantee buyer's secrecy. One works at night if asked. A Milwaukee builder advertises 'unmarked trucks for secrecy,' tells workers to pass themselves off as TV repairmen to nosey neighbors. 'People don't want their shelters jammed with neighbors in a real alert,' he explains."

The New York *Times* came up with much the same conclusion after conducting its own study, which found that "the sudden demand for shelter and survival does not invariably bring out the best in man's nature. One official after another reported that persons planning to build or buy shelters were remarkably furtive. They feared, apparently, both ridicule at the hands of their neighbors and panicky crowds of neighbors

at the shelter doors if an attack came."

'A Swarm of Locusts'

The fear of invasion extends beyond neighborhoods; it is now interstate in scope. Recently, at a civil defense meeting in Las Vegas, Nevada, the local patriots developed plans for throwing back an invasion of their state by Californians seeking safety from the fall of thermonuclear bombs. J. Carlton Adair, plans and programs officer for Las Vegas civil defense, explained to an audience of 400 business and industrial leaders that Nevada's defense program against California would require a 5,000-man militia, which would be under the command of the sheriff's department.

As the Los Angeles *Times* reported: "Adair said that if Nevada is not hit by heavy radiation or a thermonuclear bomb at the same time as California, a million or more persons might stream into this area from Southern California.

"'They could come in like a swarm of locusts,' Adair said, 'and pick the valley clean of food, medical supplies, and other goods. Our law enforcement agencies are not numerically equipped to handle such an influx of humanity so we have drawn up plans for a militia.'"

It is not only Nevada against the California locusts, but Californian against Californian as well. In a subsequent report, the Los Angeles *Times* disclosed that the citizens of Beaumont, California, fearful that the citizens of Los Angeles, California, will stream their way in case of nuclear attack, are planning a program of resistance similar to the anti-invasion strategy of Las Vegas.

Time was when a government could count on war to unite a nation. It looks now as if the next war, in addition to incinerating a considerable proportion of the population, might produce a rash of civil wars at home even as we are frying the enemy abroad.

Bi-Partisan Betrayal

When they campaigned the country last fall, both political parties were clear-cut and emphatic in their respective promises to provide Federal aid for education. The Republicans forthrightly pledged in their platform to provide "Federal support to the primary and secondary schools by a program of Federal aid for school construction." The Democrats went further. After condemning eight years of "official neglect" under the Eisenhower Administration, their platform plank assured the country they would "act at once" to vote "Federal grants to states for educational purposes they deem most pressing, including classroom construction and teachers' salaries."

Now, one year afterwards, Republicans and Democrats have joined forces in the House of Representatives to betray their solemn commitments. By a thumping vote of 242 to 170, the House refused even to consider or debate a greatly emaciated version of President Kennedy's original measure, thus killing all hope for any Federal aid to public schools this session of Congress. Voting against consideration were eighty-two Democrats, mostly Southerners, and 160 Republicans; voting for consideration were only six Republicans and 164 Democrats.

Months ago, the Senate had approved a $2,500,000,000, three-year program for school construction and higher teachers' salaries. In the House, however, the Rules Committee refused to clear it for consideration. The recently created liberal majority in that ancient slaughterhouse of liberal legislation was destroyed when Representative James J. Delaney, New York Democrat, cast the deciding vote against the bill because it did not provide aid for parochial schools.

In a desperate effort to salvage something, however skimpy, for the nation's neediest school districts, the Kennedy Administration put together a skeleton measure which proposed to make $325,000,000 available to pay up to forty per cent of classroom construction where schools are dangerously overcrowded. It was this modest emergency compromise which a bi-partisan coalition in the House refused to consider.

Looking back over the session-long struggle for affirmative action on what President Kennedy called "probably the most important piece of domestic legislation" before Congress, one must conclude that the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church played a dominant role in the defeat of a comprehensive program of aid-to-education legislation. "I think," said Senator Wayne Morse, Oregon Democrat, "that Cardinal Spellman has to take his share of responsibility." Church spokesmen remained adamant throughout the session in their opposition to any legislation that did not help meet the financial needs of parochial schools.

But there were other powerful forces at work, chiefly the conservative lobby dominated by the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce, which fought relentlessly behind the scenes against any form of general Federal aid to education. The New York *Times* reported that the opposition from this quarter was "possibly the most potent factor of all" in defeating the legislation. All in all, the experience demonstrates again how readily many of our lawmakers will betray their party's promises to the people when confronted with the opposition of powerful pressure groups.

Sense in the Senate

The United States Senate has not been especially distinguished for statesmanship in the field of foreign policy for some time. Debate on the great issues has all but vanished. Senators on the far Right dominate such discussion as there is, and theirs is usually a trigger-like response to world crises and conflicts. It was this group that came close to issuing its own declaration of war against Cuba for hijacking a plane, only to learn that Cuba was not in any way involved.

More recently, however, there has been a hopeful resurgence of creative comment by liberal Senators, some of whom have dared challenge the conventional wisdom on some issues of foreign policy. Men like Senators J. W. Fulbright, Arkansas Democrat; Mike Mansfield, Montana Democrat; John Sherman Cooper, Kentucky Republican; Wayne Morse, Oregon Democrat; and Joseph S. Clark, Pennsylvania Democrat, have spoken up, often with little mention in the press, for affirmative alternatives to present policies.

What was perhaps the most heartening episode received no attention

at all in the nation's newspapers. It took place in late summer after the people of British Guiana voted in a free election by an impressive majority for Dr. Cheddi Jagan and his leftist People's Progressive Party to lead them. Because Dr. Jagan has a Marxist background, there was an immediate outcry that the United States not only refuse to grant economic assistance, but that we should "do something to prevent the Kremlin from gaining its first beachhead in the South American continent."

Too often in the past this kind of shooting from the hip has gone unchallenged in the Senate. It has been easier to sit silent and not run the risk of being misunderstood. This time, however, three liberal Democrats cracked back with courageous comments on the Senate floor. Because nobody else paid any attention to them, we want to quote briefly from what they said.

Senator Stephen Young, Ohio, launched the discussion by asserting that "It is one thing to regret the result of a freely held election. It is another thing to denounce it and assert the United States should have prevented the result. Can it be possible that responsible Americans take the view that the United States has a mandate from Almighty God to interfere with the elections in a country emerging into freedom?

"The gloomy prediction has been made that the election of Dr. Jagan establishes a Communist beachhead on the South American continent and that Dr. Jagan will go the way of Castro. I assert this is jumping the gun. There is no surer way of pushing British Guiana into the Communist orbit than to declare it the enemy, and treat it as such, at this early date and without any proof. We should extend the hand of friendship to the new government and encourage its efforts to improve conditions for the people of British Guiana. Certainly, we should not turn our backs on this emerging nation and thus force it into dependence on Moscow."

Senator Gale McGee, Wyoming, was quick to support his colleague's position. "It seems to me," he said, "we have acquired a severe tendency in this country to assume that whenever there is an election in which a person we do not favor has been elected, the Communists must have engineered it. By this type of reasoning we are giving Mr. Khrushchev and his associates credit for events over which they have no control. The sooner we in this country come to realize that there are great movements and great changes which would take place even if there were not a Communist nor a Russian on earth, the sooner we will be able to acquire a posture in which people will be able to understand the kind of movements that are taking place. . . .

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I Warn You"

"It is noteworthy that some responsible Americans who have been saying right along what a splendid ally we have in Franco Spain, and those who have been paying deference and devotion to the dictator Franco and his dictatorship in Spain, where no free elections have been permitted and where hundreds of people who were on the losing side in the 1937 civil war still languish in Spanish dungeons, are the very people who speak about this allegedly Communist beachhead in British Guiana and criticize the free and democratic election recently conducted there."

The third Senator to speak up was Frank Church of Idaho, who struck out at a foreign policy "based upon the preservation of the *status quo.* This leads us into strange alliances with countries having nothing in common with the principles of the United States. It also results in allowing the Communists to appear to be the champions of change, even while we appear to be defenders of a *status quo* which cannot last, for history will wash over it.

"Such a policy is foredoomed to fail. It is self-defeating. Somehow the United States must break out of this vice and undertake to ally itself with these forces of change, whenever we can, and thus to make clearer that the United States does, in fact, stand for progress, for people, and for reform in many parts of the world which are desperately in need of it."

Our thanks go out to Senators Young, McGee, and Church for speaking up so clearly and courageously on a vital problem of foreign policy. The great pity, of course, is that their contribution to serious thinking on foreign affairs went unmentioned in the press while the rocket-rattling speeches of the far Right continued to command the headlines.

Canada's New Democratic Party

New and dissident political parties have appeared occasionally on the lively Canadian political scene, but only rarely have they made an appreciable impact on the course of national politics. The recently formed New Democratic Party, however, shows unusual promise of becoming one of Canada's major political forces.

Backed by the radical agrarian Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) and the Canadian Congress of Labor, the New Democratic Party is the first to achieve what seems like a successful wedding of the worker and the farmer. Canada, like the United States, is rapidly becoming a more urban nation with a strong industrial working class. The farm population is steadily declining numerically, but—again like the United States—the rural areas maintain a stranglehold on political power through lopsided legislative representation. To flourish nationally, any new political party needs support from both labor and agriculture, and the New Democratic Party appears to have resolved that problem.

Another chasm the new Party has bridged, however precariously, is the traditional gulf between English-speaking Canada and French Quebec.

No third party of English-Canadian vintage has ever made a perceptible impact on Quebec. But the new Party pragmatically recognized the controversial Canadian doctrine of "two nations"—one French, one English—within the Canadian federal state, and thus overcame French Canadian fears of an English-dominated party.

But the Party's greatest hope for capturing Canadian votes lies in its progressive program, presented at a time of deepening crisis in Canadian economic affairs and foreign policy. Both the Conservative and the Liberal Parties have moved far enough to the Right to leave a great political void on the moderate Left into which the New Democratic Party is moving. By U.S. standards, even the Canadian Conservatives are "leftish," and the new party would be branded as dangerously radical in this country. But to Canadians, including the conservative business press, the New Democratic Party is one of "moderation." Its program places major emphasis on increased government planning, stepped-up investment in the public sector of the economy, and bold solutions to the serious unemployment problem.

The Party concedes that nationalization may sometimes be the most effective instrument of planning, but it does not assert, as have some of its socialist backers, that public ownership is a panacea for every economic difficulty. Its economic planning would encompass increased social welfare, price supports for farmers, price controls for consumers, and a program of full employment for workers.

To a nation increasingly resentful of U.S. ownership and management of Canadian business and industry, and the resultant American meddling in Canadian economic and foreign affairs, the new Party offers a legislative program aimed at making all companies operating in Canada "more effectively Canadian by insistence on a minimum percentage of their capital and membership of their boards of directors being held by Canadians resident in Canada."

The New Democratic Party proposes a vigorous area redevelopment program designed to renew economic strength in depressed or lagging sections of the country, and several proposals to achieve full employment.

It is on foreign policy that the Party has taken its most ambiguous stand. There is little sympathy among Canadians generally for U.S. foreign policy, yet leaders of all political persuasions feel forced to "go along" with their giant neighbor and ally because of the enormous social, economic, and political pressures. The New Democratic Party leaders are no exception. After a heated debate which centered on Canada's membership in NATO, the party finally decided to "go along," but with an undefined "reformed" NATO. The arguments for continuing an alliance in which few Canadians have deep faith were mainly of the "don't rock the boat" variety.

But aside from its equivocal foreign policy position, the New Democratic Party has presented to the Canadian electorate a fresh, contrasting alternative to the faltering policies of the ruling Conservative Party and a weak Liberal opposition. The new Party got off to a flying start in a recent by-election, capturing a seat in Parliament which the Conservatives had held safely for two decades, even before the convention launching the New Democratic Party was held. Canadian progressives regard this as a clear sign that a major political realignment may be in the making.

Stevenson at the U.N.

We sometimes find ourselves wondering what runs through that fine mind of Adlai Stevenson's when he is obliged by Administration policy in Washington to take positions before the United Nations which conflict with his own views. We thought, for example, he seemed quite uncomfortable during the special session of the General Assembly called to act on the French-Tunisian conflict at Bizerte.

French President Charles de Gaulle had behaved abominably. He insulted and ignored United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold when the latter sought to confer with him on settlement of the strife in Tunisia. He refused to accept when the United States offered its "good offices" to negotiate the conflict. He defied the Security Council when it summoned France to withdraw its forces from outside the naval base to positions held before hostilities broke out. When Secretary of State Dean Rusk attempted to bring up the Bizerte quarrel, de Gaulle ignored him by indicating that it was none of his business.

It was against this background of French arrogance and defiance of the Security Council that the special session of the General Assembly was summoned. The resolution before it called for the re-establishment of the original positions of French and Tunisian forces before fighting broke out and called on both sides to negotiate French evacuation of its base at Bizerte. To emphasize his scorn for the United Nations, de Gaulle forbade the French delegation to enter United Nations buildings while the special session was in progress.

Sixty-six nations voted for the resolution. None voted against it. Thirty members abstained. The United States was one of the thirty. The Administration in Washington felt it could not afford to antagonize de Gaulle even though United States failure to support the resolution meant that we were protecting France in her defiance of the United Nations.

Senator Frank Church, Idaho Democrat, usually a staunch supporter of the Kennedy Administration, denounced our role at the General Assembly as "indefensible." He pointed out that "if the principle of self-determination is right for Germany, it is also right for Tunisia. We cannot have it one way in Europe, and another way in Africa, without being guilty of hypocrisy. . . . Each time we permit expediency to override the fundamental principles we proclaim to the world, our cause is weakened everywhere."

Adlai Stevenson must have felt much the same way, but he couldn't say so. "Our role," said Stevenson afterward in a sentence that underscored his discomfort, "has not been an easy one, but I would remind members that discretion is sometimes the better part of valor." Pretty lame stuff for Adlai Stevenson, we think.

It was U Thant, Burma's ambassador to the United Nations, who called the Assembly's attention to the fact that only the week before, in a speech before a meeting of astronomers in Berkeley, California, Stevenson had asserted the United Nations to be "the greatest defense of the weak against the bullying of the strong."

Few who followed the French-Tunisian conflict could doubt that the position Stevenson was obliged to take on orders from above represented a complete reversal of the purpose he had proclaimed for the United Nations.

We Can Coast No More

Our position on the Bizerte crisis hurt us with the nations of Asia and Africa where our stock has been skidding for some time. Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, recently back from a swing through those continents, reported that he found underdeveloped nations "profoundly skeptical" of the capacity of the United States to live up to its own revolutionary traditions.

"The enormous truth that comes from my trip," he said, "is that we can no longer coast on our revolutionary past. We may still sell an antique chair by boasting that Tom Paine once sat in it, but we cannot persuade skeptical Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans that we believe in the rights for which Paine spoke so fervently unless our actions fit our words. . . .

"Throughout the non-Communist world the tide of history is now running with flood force: for self-government, for economic justice, for racial equality. These are the principles which we must support, morally, because they rest at the foundation of our own society, and, realistically, because they represent the crucial force which is now shaping the institutions of our time."

Bowles' comment was not in any way pointed at the shabby role we played in the French-Tunisian issue before the United Nations, but it seems clear that a few more episodes of that kind could magnify to the breaking point the profound skepticism that Bowles found.

Conservative Youth Defeated

Despite a well-financed assault from a highly vocal but surprisingly small group on the far Right, the United States National Student Association's Fourteenth Annual Congress, which recently ended ten days of deliberations at the University of Wisconsin, was clearly a victory for student liberalism.

In making such an evaluation one should add that there are signs that the battle between the Right and Left in NSA may have only just begun. The liberal-oriented leadership of NSA faces a threat from both the College Young Republicans and the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom, the former controlled lock, stock and barrel by supporters of Senator Goldwater, Arizona Republican, and the latter heavily oriented toward the lunatic fringe that finds its home in the John Birch Society. Both groups, with interlocking leadership, have threatened to conduct a nation-wide campaign, beginning this fall, against NSA.

Lacking the strength to launch a frontal attack on NSA, the conservatives struck at the flank of liberal positions and, in some instances, managed minor victories in weakening position statements. The Association's attitude on Cuba in recent years has mirrored, but to a lesser degree, the position of the adult community as Fidel Castro moved steadily leftward and adopted an increasingly belligerent anti-United States posture.

In 1959, NSA denounced the Batista regime and supported the revolt that was centered in the Sierra Maestra. In 1960, NSA adopted a resolution which said, in part, "NSA views the implementation of the concept of university reform in Cuba with interest and, in some respects, concern." This year NSA delegates denounced Castro's suppression of academic freedom and democratic student unions.

Mauldin in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We Won!"

At one point in their deliberations the delegates wired the heads of South and Central American governments to appeal to Castro to urge clemency for a group of Cuban student leaders who faced death as a result of anti-Castro activities. Significantly, the delegates denounced both Soviet shipment of arms to Havana and this country's role in the ill-fated April invasion.

There was no criticism of Castro for his anti-United States campaign, which must be attributed to a desire on the part of NSA's leadership to maintain strong ties with Latin American student unions.

Conservative forces, aided by Fulton Lewis III, a former HUAC aide and technical director of the controversial film, *Operation Abolition*, sought to reverse a 1960 NSA stand calling for "reform or abolition" of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Instead, this year's delegates urged abolition straight out, apparently convinced reform of HUAC is no longer possible. The students also petitioned the House of Representatives to "disclaim the film *Operation Abolition* as an official and accurate documentation of the San Francisco demonstrations against HUAC."

The Conservatives, who had hoped to prove that a conservative tide is running on the campuses of American colleges and universities, were outmaneuvered and outvoted most of the way. The results of the ten-day gathering seemed to confirm the judgment on the political coloration of present day youth expressed by Governor Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin in his speech welcoming the NSA.

"I have heard it said on occasion," said Governor Nelson, "that your generation is turning conservative. I find this hard to believe, although conservative youth today may be beter organized and financed by their elders.

"It is your generation that has given us the stirring sit-ins in the South and militant support for them in the North. Surely this is not conservative. It is your generation that has participated so much in the Feedom Rides dedicated to smashing interstate segregation. Surely this is not conservative. And it is your generation that has answered the call to the Peace Corps with such enthusiasm."

Last Chance on China

by URBAN WHITAKER

ONE WAY OF judging the worth of a national policy is to evaluate the results it has achieved in the past. Another way is to estimate what it invites for the future. United States policy toward China fails both tests.

For twelve years our policy has been to keep Communist China out of the United Nations by insisting that the question should not even be discussed by the General Assembly. In that dozen years the People's Republic of China has been recognized by thirty-nine other states, including four of our NATO allies, it has steadily grown more powerful—militarily, economically, and politically; it has fought a war against the United Nations; it has taken over Tibet; it has made aggressive gestures toward the offshore islands; its influence in Asia, Africa, and even Latin America has expanded at a startling rate; and, finally, the margin of U.S. victory on the moratorium on U.N. discussion has steadily dwindled from a high of thirty-five in 1952 to just eight votes in 1960. In short, Communist China has managed to become a major world power during the period we pretended she didn't exist.

Probably the most significant result of our self-defeating policy is to be found in the fact that the inevitable moment when the Peking government must come into the United Nations has been postponed just long enough for it to bargain from the position of strength it has won while waiting. Thus has U.S. policy failed the test of time.

But if it has been absurd for us to postpone the inevitable while matters grew steadily worse, it is even less an act of sanity that we now surrender the opportunity to make them better. It is clear from my intensive researches at the United Nations that the General Assembly, which could be encouraged to adopt a two-China policy if the United States would support the idea, is preparing to seat Communist China in a simple credentials vote either this year or next and thus expel the Nationalist Chinese representatives from the organization. This result, combined with continued U.S. support for Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan-based regime, could lead to international disaster. The mainland government, having received the blessing of the United Nations as the legitimate successor of Chiang's decrepit and discredited regime, could make a powerful legal case that the continued presence of the U.S. Seventh Fleet in the Formosa Straits constitutes an act of aggression against China. At the very least Mao Tse-tung could claim U.S. interference in the internal affairs of China. The majority of the General Assembly, including many of our closest friends and allies, having recognized Mao as Chiang's successor, would be hard put to reject the allegation. In short, the United States would be facing the next Formosa crisis pretty much alone and in an awkward legal position.

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There are conservatives who continue to believe that the seating of Communist China can be avoided, and there are liberals who refuse to support the continued defense of Formosa. It is now clear, however, that the planning of U.S. policy must take both of these conditions into account. Internationally, there is no way to avoid the seating of Communist China in the United Nations. Domestically, there is no chance for revision of the pro-Chiang commitment. This is not to say that either condition is desirable. They simply are, and will continue for some time to be, facts of life, and U.S. policy planners have to reckon with both.

Our aim, therefore, should be to seek effective international backing for the continued independence of Formosa from the mainland. There are several ways in which this could be accomplished, even granting the inevitable seating of the People's Republic. The failure of the United States to develop and seek support for such policy over the past few months seriously, and perhaps fatally, weakens our position at the current session of the Assembly. It is indicative—and it is time more Americans woke up to this unfortunate truth—of an internal crisis in the United States of enormous magnitude.

One of the reasons for the continuing failure of U.S. China policy is widespread misunderstanding of the range of alternatives. Both liberals and conservatives have made the mistake of confusing the *theoretically possible* with the *politically feasible*. Combined with differences of opinion as to what is *desirable*, this confusion has at least blurred, if not obscured, our view of international reality.

For example, the conservatives favor a range of solutions which runs from a continuation of the moratorium on U.N. debate to toleration of a two-China arrangement—provided that Chiang Kai-shek's government retains its seat as a great power on the Security Council. Since the Communists control more than four million square miles of Chinese mainland and nearly 700 million Chinese people, while the Nationalists are master of just 13,000 square

miles of islands and eleven million people, these proposals qualify more as pipedreams than as policy.

More relevantly, however, I have learned from my year-long inquiries that more than three-fourths of the members of the United Nations believe that it is against their best interests to keep Peking cut off from regular communications with the rest of the world. For the United States the relevant question, therefore, is no longer whether Peking should or should not be in the United Nations, but what to do about the fact that she soon will be.

Communist China will not accept, and most of the members of the United Nations do not think she should be asked to accept, a back seat to Nationalist China in the United Nations. What we have to face up to are the facts that 1) the question is going to be discussed at length; 2) one way or another the Chinese Communists are going to be seated (by 1962 at the latest); 3) Chiang's Nationalists are not a "great power" and are not going to be treated as such by the rest of the world. These facts, stubbornly ratified by the convictions of the majority of the United Nations, still leave considerable room for the development of compromise solutions. But they clearly rule out the three solutions approved by conservatives: the continuing moratorium on debate, the status quo, and two Chinas with the smaller one in the bigger seat. They all have the same fatal defect—they cannot win acceptance in the Assembly.

It is of critical importance to the United States that the United Nations choose one, rather than the other, of the alternatives which are being seriously considered. Before examining this range of *realistic* alternatives, however, it is appropriate to look at the other *theoretical* alternatives—some of which are supported by American liberal groups.

One proposal mentioned on the floor of the General Assembly, is "two Chinas with neither one on the Security Council." Proponents of this solution often mention India as an appropriate replacement for China on the Council. Aside from the obvious shortcomings of this plan, that it denies major power status to a major power, it suffers the same fatal defects as the more conservative plans which would leave Chiang Kai-shek on the Council. It simply won't work. The composition of the Security Council cannot be changed without a Charter amendment which requires the unanimous consent of the five permanent powers. Not only would Chiang's China have to consent to her own removal, but the Soviet Union, already in trouble with Peking, would have to approve rejection of a seat to Communist China and risk an open breach in the Sino-Soviet alliance. This won't happen. It is true that the Afro-Asian group seeks, and that the Soviet Union is likely to support, an enlargement of the Security Council. When this happens, India will probably be given a permanent seat. But there is no significant sympathy for seating India *in place of* China.

A proposal which has gained considerably greater support among American liberals is the "One China-One Formosa plan" under which Peking would take the present Chinese seat while the Nationalist-held island would be turned over to the native Formosans and admitted as a new member state. It is an appealing plan, particularly when consideration is given to the fact that nine million of the eleven million people on the island are native Formosans. Chiang Kai-shek's dictatorial rule, under which it remains illegal to organize an opposition party or to criticize the government in the press, only increases the appeal of self-determination. Yet, as a solution to the Chinese representation question, I learned that "Formosa for the Formosans" is unacceptable to the General Assembly.

While as many as two-thirds of the delegates would like to see a truly free Formosa, they would not seriously consider international action to replace the established government. This determination not to interfere in the domestic affairs of its members does not mean that the United Nations will ignore reality. It does mean, however, that the United Nations will not act to make any dramatic changes in the distribution of sovereignty. There *are* two Chinas. Anyone who would have it otherwise—either one Nationalist China, or one Communist China, or one China and one Formosa—must look elsewhere than to the United Nations for help.

This brings us to the range of politically feasible alternatives as I encountered them in my United Nation interviews. Briefly there are only two: two Chinas, with the big one on the Security Council and both in the Assembly; or one China, Communist China.

Assuming that the United States will continue to offer political, economic, and military support to the Nationalist government on Taiwan, there can be no doubt that we will find it less embarrassing and the world will find it less dangerous if the United Nations chooses the first alternative—two Chinas. But if it is the more desirable of the two solutions, it is also the more difficult to achieve. It may be that it is already too late, that 1961 is the last year the Assembly would seriously entertain this idea, and that by dragging its feet right up to the convening of the sixteenth Assembly the United States has already lost too much of the valuable time needed to weld together the necessary two-thirds majority. If this is true, then the real China crisis came early in the summer of 1961 when the United States apparently decided that domestic pressures forbade a policy change which international good sense required. At that time it was clear that a United States-supported two-China resolution stood an excellent chance in this year's Assembly, and it was already becoming clear that by next year the growing strength of the Peking regime would be sufficient to thwart such a move.

Two methods have been suggested for achieving the two-China result and assuring that representation in the United Nations would be an accurate reflection of reality in world politics. The first method is to admit Formosa as a new member. It would require, first, that the Chiang regime apply for membership and thus abandon its claim to represent China. This does not appear to be a realistic hope. It would require, too, that the Security Council approve Chiang's application and thus that the Soviet Union concur in the two-China solution. In view of Peking's

violent opposition to the idea, this also seems unrealistic. Because this road to two Chinas seems effectively blocked, a deep sense of frustration has permeated the China discussion in the lounges and corridors at the United Nations for several years.

Partly as a result of this frustration, however, a new approach has been developed which would make it feasible for the Assembly to declare itself in favor of seating two Chinas. It is the doctrine of "successor states." The Assembly would simply declare its willingness to seat both Chinas as two successor states to the original Republic of China. If both accepted, the United Nations would have two Republics of Chinas as it now has two Congos, which it identifies with the parenthetical suffixes (Brazzaville) and (Leopoldville). This would make it possible to seat both Chinas without formal action by the Security Council to admit the second one. Although this would not be contrary to any existing rules of procedure, there is no exact precedent for it. The Syria-Egypt merger to form the United Arab Republic is the nearest thing to a precedent, as one new state achieved membership and two old ones left the organization—all without any formal action by the Security Council. But the Chinese case is unique in that it amounts to the problems of seating a government to represent the state that is already admitted and admitting a state to be represented by the government which is already seated.

The lack of exact precedent, however, does not constitute an insurmountable barrier. The lack of strong American leadership probably does. What must be overcome if the Assembly is to choose a two-China solution in preference to a one China (Communist) solution is an assortment of understandable, but largely irrelevant, fears and misconceptions about the meaning of the successor states theory.

For example, the fear that it would set a pattern for the resolution of the German problem is based on a confusion of *representation* with *partition*. By declaring its willingness to seat both Chinas, the General Assembly would neither be creating nor making permanent the partition of China, but merely noting that *de facto* partition is now and has been

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since 1949 one of the results of the Chinese civil war. Nor would the Assembly be interfering in China's affairs by offering representation to the two existing governments. Neither of them would be obligated to accept and, indeed, it might be that neither would. Yet this does not alter the fact that it is the majority of the General Assembly—not individual members like China—whose proper role it is to set the conditions for representation.

Probably Communist China would reject any two-China solution. Possibly this anticipated reaction will convince the Assembly to abandon the idea. Still it seems quite evident that Peking's determination to wait it out can only be tested by the affirmative action of the Assembly.

Summing up the picture at the United Nations as the sixteenth Assembly begins, it is clear that the very best situation which can be envisaged in terms of the U.S. national interest is: one, Assembly passage of a "successor states" resolution offering seats to both Peking and Taipeh and recommending that Peking, as the primary successor, be seated by the Security Council; two, acceptance of this offer by Chiang's government which would then formally leave its seat on the Council and take its Assembly seat under the new terms as a successor state.

Such a result would put the maximum pressure on the Peking Government to accept the Assembly's two-China decision, and that government would clearly bear the onus for its own non-representation if it declined to do so. Whichever way Peking decided, the Taipeh government's position would be safe, and continued U.S. protection of Formosa would have international approval, for it is hardly to be imagined that the General Assembly would take the formal action to expel a cooperative Nationalist government in favor of a recalcitrant Communist one.

I want to make it clear that I do not make this suggestion in order to draw a rejection from Peking. Nor do I think that Peking would for very long reject a two-China solution approved by two-thirds of the General Assembly. Perhaps the most significant aspect of this partially conservative proposal (it would keep Taiwan in the United Nations) is that, although it represents their best realistic hope, the conservatives have categorically rejected it. It is a frightening illustration of the depth of our domestic illness that even many liberals consider it politically dangerous to espouse the relatively conservative two-Chinas idea.

The two-Chinas proposal may already have been eliminated as a realistic alternative because it has not received the full support of the U.S. government. If that is so, the very large majority of United Nations members will turn to a simpler solution—the seating of the Peking government in place of the present Chinese delegation. This new one-China solution, while it does not wholly reflect the continuing two-Chinas reality, more nearly approximates reality than the older one-China solution. In any case, the prevailing mood of the General Assembly is that if there is to be only one China in the organization it should be mainland China.

If our own intransigence narrows the range to this one choice, there will remain only the hope that the Assembly will make the seating of the People's Republic of China conditional on the continued *de facto* separation of Formosa from the mainland. This would merely amount to a reversal of the present situation. There would still be two Chinas with one in and one out of the United

Nations. But it would be the larger one in and the the smaller one out—a situation more tolerable to the majority.

It is one of the most tragic commentaries on our times that the United States has persisted in a head-in-the-sand policy that can only end in defeat and disaster. Three successive Administrations—Truman's, Eisenhower's, and Kennedy's—have insisted in private that it would be political suicide for them to say in public what they really thought on the issue of China. But the people have moved ahead of the politicians. Since the end of the Korean War, the widespread emotional feeling of the China question has largely dissipated. The so-called Committee of One Million, a violently pro-Chiang Kai-shek pressure group which claims to have obtained 1,037,000 signatures in 1954, admits in 1961 that it has only 6,000 contributors. The Gallup Poll reported March 19, 1961, that more than fifty per cent of Americans think we should "improve relations" with Communist China. A Council on Foreign Relations poll of leading citizens in twenty-nine American communities during the same month showed that forty-five per cent definitely favored, or were favorably inclined toward, seating Communist China (as against fifty per cent opposed or unfavorably inclined and five per cent undecided). The same poll showed sixty-one per cent definitely against or tending to be against continuing the moratorium on United Nations debate. If public opinion has developed this far without any leadership from elected officials, one wonders just how far it could be carried under a more normal circumstance in which political leaders were speaking their minds instead of their fears.

Still the impression persists that public opinion prevents a sensible China policy. As the New York *Post* has put it, the Administration seems to confuse the voice of the Committee of One Million (6,000) with the voice of America (180,000,000). The Committee's claim to represent public opinion is particularly ludicrous in view of the recent policy decision of the General Synod of the United Church (2,000,000 members) which supports United Nations representation for the Peking government.

In spite of all indications, however, that public opinion is not only open to sensible suggestions, but actually moving in a liberal direction, it is rare for an elected official (except the extreme right wing) to be candid on the China question. The result is a gross distortion of both public opinion and public policy. The most characteristic value of democracy—and its greatest strength—is put in cold storage. We do not even debate the single most vital challenge which faces this and every other country on earth—the Communist revolution of nearly 700 million Chinese. No able historian will be able to treat this generation's leadership with much sympathy, for it is already clear that our failure to debate the China question has been both disastrous and unnecessary. We have allowed the narrow interests of a small ally abroad and a small pressure group at home to dictate policy. As a result, the national interest of the United States has been miserably served and the Chinese Communists have gained enough strength to bargain us into submission.

What America needs at this point is one ranking public official with the courage to lead public opinion to where it ought to be instead of following it to where he fears it is. So long as liberal public officials who understand the need for a more creative policy toward China are afraid to speak up, we cannot hope to develop a more hopeful and constructive approach to the challenge of China.

The Pentagon's *wasted* BILLIONS

by JULIUS DUSCHA

LAST SUMMER when President Kennedy asked for a $3.5 billion increase in defense spending, Congress provided the money—and more—without a murmur of protest. The Senate and the House votes were unanimous; there were no questions about where we were going to get the money, as there are when education, medical care, and other social welfare programs are proposed. The President made his request, of course, at the height of the Berlin crisis, and it might have been extremely awkward from the standpoint of national unity for a Senator or a Representative to raise questions about the need for more defense billions. Yet at that time on Capitol Hill there were many privately expressed misgivings about handing over more funds to an already bloated military establishment which sometimes seems to be more of a sieve for taxpayers' dollars than a bulwark against the Soviet Union.

The "gut feeling" in Washington is that billions upon billions of dollars are wasted each year by a military bureaucracy which is badly managed and is often incredibly careless with the taxpayers' dollars. But when the question of efficiency in the Pentagon is raised, most members of Congress shrug their shoulders and throw up their hands in despair. There is a feeling of helplessness in Congress toward the spendthrift policies of the Pentagon. Sporadic investigations are held, but no genuine reforms result. Every time the civilian guard is

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changed at the Pentagon, new promises are made to ferret out the waste. Like his predecessors, Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara is now paying lip service to the economy ritual. But once the words have been spoken nothing much ever seems to get done.

The attack against military waste is a difficult one which few Senators and Representatives care to mount. The reasons for this gun-shy attitude are understandable from a political point of view. When an organization is as scattered, as diffuse, and as large as the Defense Department, it is not easy to track down deficiencies. The Pentagon's ability to intimidate investigators and frustrate inquiries with guarded remarks about national security is a formidable obstacle in itself. But what is perhaps most important of all is the hunger of each member of Congress for as much as possible of the now $46.5 billion a year military largesse for his own state or district. The Pentagon knows and rewards handsomely its friends and seldom forgets an enemy. It is, for example, more than mere coincidence that the state of Georgia is honeycombed with defense establishments and is also the home of the chairmen of both the Senate and the House Armed Services Committees—Senator Richard B. Russell and Representative Carl A. Vinson.

No member of Congress wants to find a piqued Pentagon closing down a base or terminating a defense contract in his state. Nor does anyone consider the defense work which provides jobs in his state to be wasteful. Such is the warfare in Washington that an officer or a civilian in a position of importance in the Pentagon will not hesitate to carry out a reprisal action against a Senator or a Representative who does not put all of his faith in the way the military is being run. So for important economic as well as political reasons the ranks of the military's opposition are thin on Capitol Hill.

Conspicuous among the distinguished exceptions on Capitol Hill are Senator Paul H. Douglas, Illinois Democrat, who since he came to the Senate in 1949 has warred against military waste, and a newer recruit, Representative Frank Kowalski, Connecticut Democrat, who was first elected to Congress in 1958 and previously had a distinguished career in the Army. Douglas is one of the few members of Congress who has had the patience and political courage to document the charges of waste that are all too often made in scatter-gun fashion against the military. Kowalski has made his special purview the indefensible practice of turning enlisted men into groveling servants to the officer caste. As a former Army major, Kowalski has been particularly galling to the brass, who often live considerably better than civilians earning comparable salaries because of special privileges and services, including those of enlisted man-servants, that are available to them. Douglas, too, is an old soldier. Although he was past fifty at the beginning of World War II, he enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private and still carries a withered arm as his memento of service under fire in the Pacific.

In calling the rather short roll of men who have dared to stand up to the Pentagon the name of Joseph Campbell, the former director of the Budget Bureau who is now Comptroller General, deserves special mention. A steady stream of reports minutely detailing waste in the military comes out of the General Accounting Office, the Congressional watchdog agency which Campbell heads. The Comptroller General is in a unique position in Washington. He is appointed to a fifteen-year term by the President, but his agency is an arm of Congress. In a true sense the Comptroller General serves as a much-needed inspector general of the United States continually questioning the expenditure of funds throughout the government, frequently reclaiming large sums of the taxpayers' money, and always scrutinizing careless bureaucrats and brass alike.

GAO reports and independent investigations by Congressional committees have led Douglas to conclude: "If the Defense Department needs more money for ships, planes, tanks, and combat troops, there is at least another $2 to $3 billion which they could use for these purposes which they could get by tightening up on existing procurement, supply, and surplus disposal practices within the Department itself."

"We in Congress," Douglas has also said, "have an obligation to provide for the national defense. But we do not do so if we allow the military establishment to continue with its present practices and wasteful methods. In fact, if these practices continue, we shall not make ourselves stronger, but in fact we could become weak, our people could lose faith, and instead of planes, tanks, guns, and combat troops, we could have a surplus of items we do not need purchased at prices which should not have been paid."

Thus, President Kennedy could have financed nearly all of the additional defense expenditures he deemed necessary to increase the combat strength and readiness of the armed services out of savings that can readily be made in current military spending. No miracles are needed; all that is required is a modicum of common sense and a genuine concern that the government get a full return on every dollar it spends.

The documented stories of waste in the Pentagon add up to damning indictment of what would appear to be an unbelievably mismanaged bureaucracy. All the blame for the waste cannot be placed on the constantly changing technology of defense, the frequent need for speed in the development of weapons, or the inevitable failures inherent in programs where knowledge is often sparse. What makes the situation in the Pentagon so appalling is that the worst blunders seem to be the result of just plain bad management of the kind that no business would tolerate. Yet paradoxically businessmen who would not put up with the sloppy work of the brass often benefit from it through those easy-to-live-with contracts. Furthermore, the officers responsible for the contracts frequently step, despite conflict-of-interest regulations, from the Pentagon into high-paying jobs in private industry specializing in defense contracts—not because they are superb managers but because they know their way around the Pentagon without a map.

Consider, as a starter, the case of Thompson Ramo Wooldridge Inc., a giant Cleveland manufacturing concern which made a fortune in auto-

mobile parts before branching out into missile technology. A $2,103,685 contract was negotiated by the Air Force with Thompson Ramo for fuel booster pump repair kits. Upon investigation the GAO found that the Air Force was paying more than twenty-five per cent more than it should have paid for what would appear to be a relatively simple item. The excess cost was computed by the GAO as $565,600. The agency noted that "272,701 new type fillister head screws" were included in the repair kits "at a standard cost of $1 each." But the GAO discovered that Thompson Ramo had bought these screws for from one to five and one-half cents each. "Although a variance factor was negotiated to provide for the adjustment of standard costs, this factor contained no provisions to reduce the unreasonable high standard cost estimated for these fillister head screws," the GAO noted.

Again and again the GAO has found that the services were paying far too much for equipment because of a failure to ascertain what material costs actually were. Excess costs of $5,022,465 were recovered, for example, from Boeing Airplane Company of Seattle on a contract for spare parts for B-52 bombers. "Boeing did not disclose to the Air Force and the Air Force did not obtain and consider information on the lower subcontract price which was known to the contractor at the time the price proposals were submitted," the GAO pointed out.

The A. O. Smith Corporation of Milwaukee was obliged to refund $126,775 to the Army because "officials negotiated prices without verifying cost data which the contractor furnished in support of the proposed prices," again according to the GAO. General Motors' A-C Spark Plug division, also of Milwaukee, refunded $750,000 to the Air Force as a result of "unreasonably high prices . . . negotiated because the Air Force awarded the contract on a fixed price basis without requiring the contractor to furnish detailed support for the estimate," said the GAO. "Costs included in the prices proposed by the contractor . . . did not reflect cost reductions which might be expected to result from purchases in larger quantities . . . Additional quantities were ordered under the contract at prices which did not give effect to lower, more current costs of materials."

Under an Air Force contract with Boeing and Lockheed, the two aircraft manufacturers subcontracted with Firestone Tire & Rubber for aircraft fuel cells. Firestone's profit of $3 million amounted to thirty-five per cent of its costs because, as the GAO pointed out, neither the prime contractors nor the Air Force required evidence of the reasonableness of Firestone's proposed costs.

The Air Force not only overpaid General Electric by $329,000 on a contract for radar height finders, but GE was permitted to hold excess provisional payments of $1,400,000 for two years. The government eventually got the money back, but in the meantime General Electric had in effect an interest-free loan.

As a subcontractor for North American Aviation, Rheem Manufacturing Company of Downey, California, overcharged the Air Force $178,000 for vertical stabilizer tips. An Air Force contract with Lockheed for airframe components included $4,110,600 in excess payments, $2,844,000 of which was known prior to the submission of the company's proposal and $1,266,600 of which became known to the contractor before negotiations had been completed. Under the negotiated contract it had with the Air Force, Lockheed stood to gain $1,251,000 from these overstatements—not because of efficiency, as envisaged by the contract terms, but rather because of excessive estimates. And then there was the Air Force contract with Cessna Aircraft of Wichita, Kansas, for B-52 stabilizer assemblies and related tooling. The $6,324,970 negotiated price was found by the GAO to be thirty-seven per cent greater than the $4,621,329 actually incurred cost of the work.

The Navy permitted Librascope Inc. of Glendale, California, to include as a cost item on some periscopes the sum of $12,675 which the company actually spent for the commercial exhibition of another of its products and wrongly charged to the Navy. On a huge Navy contract with General Motors' Cleveland Diesel Engine Division, "the contractor," according to the GAO, "was allowed the same rate of profit on subcontracted major components as on items to be manufactured in his own plant."

But the colossal naval blunder of recent years was the expenditure of $600 million for aircraft and equipment, which, in the words of a GAO report, "were incapable of performing the designated mission." "Decisions were made," the GAO went on to say, "to proceed with the production of aircraft and equipment on a volume basis notwithstanding the unfavorable prospects for producing an acceptable product. Successive orders for the production of aircraft and equipment in volume were placed despite known serious deficiencies which indicated their inadequacy to accomplish the mission intended, or before testing and evaluating of initial pilot models to determine performance capabilities. There were repeated indications at successive stages of production that serious deficiencies existed."

As for the Army, its firepower may still be deficient, but this has not diminished its ability to scatter dollars as if they were infantry fanning out over a field. It has been estimated by a House committee, for instance, that the ratio of profits to costs on Army subcontracts for Nike missiles ranged from twenty-four to forty-one per cent. Then the Army embarked upon a $500 million program to convert the Nike-Ajax systems to the more advanced Nike-Hercules systems, but, commented the GAO later, the Army started its program before it knew whether a conversion program or the construction of new units "would better serve the military need in the most economical manner." The GAO concluded that a conversion program was better and more economical, but by that time the Army was on its way installing new units. The watchdog agency calculated that the Army overpaid $6,675,000 for

work done by subcontractors on the project and that one subcontractor—the prime contractor was the vast Western Electric Company—was allowed to accumulate $5 million in government funds over two years "because the Army did not require the prime contractor to limit provisional payments to subcontractors to incurred costs plus contemplated profit."

Then there are the maddening cases where one of the supposedly unified services does not know what another is doing. Not long ago an Air Force base in West Germany needed 300 footlockers; it sent an order for them to a Quartermaster Depot in Philadelphia. Somewhere along the line the request got garbled, and 30,017 footlockers were shipped from the United States to the base in Germany. The shipping costs alone were $100,000. And all the time the Army had several thousand footlockers in a nearby depot in West Germany.

In two recent years fewer than half of the berths on troop ships operated by the Navy were filled during voyages. Of the 1,600,000 available spaces, 730,000 were unoccupied. This inexcusable waste of expensive facilities is the result of a combination of a lack of a firm policy on the use of sea and air transportation and of a simple failure on the part of the services to notify the Navy of changes in space requirements. In those same two years (fiscal 1957 and 1958) the Navy was contracting with private companies in Japan for the repair of ships while the Navy's facilities in Japan were being only partly utilized.

In another not untypical case the Air Force disposed of parts needed for helicopters at the same time that the Army was buying identical parts for its helicopters. At least $8.4 million was wasted in this transaction. In a case involving the San Antonio Air Material Area, the Navy was buying spare parts while the Air Force was disposing of the same parts as surplus. The GAO also found that the San Antonio operation had $20 million worth of parts on hand in excess of any conceivable current needs. Yet, another $20 million in parts were on order at the time of the GAO investigation.

Numerous instances of waste have been turned up resulting simply from the lack of the kind of planning that

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ought to be basic to any large government or business operation. A horrible example of this kind of laxity is the shipment overseas of the household goods of servicemen and their families. Furniture and other belongings frequently have been sent by air when they could just as easily have been put on slower but much cheaper ships.

"A review of thirteen expensive shipments of household goods by commercial air at a total cost of $125,470," the GAO has reported, "disclosed that shipment by surface transportation was feasible and would have cost only about $23,000, or about $102,000 less than the shipment by commercial air."

The GAO report noted that one shipment of household goods was sent from Texas to Pakistan at a cost of $14,830. Surface transportation for that shipment would have been only $1,750. What is more, added the GAO, the goods would have arrived a week earlier by ship than they did by air, apparently because of difficulty in finding immediately available air cargo space. The shipment included a piano, a model ship, and a sled, items which, the GAO noted, "are obviously not essential to the health or well-being of the transferred personnel or for the prevention of undue hardship."

Representative Kowalski's efforts to prevent the use of servicemen as servants to the brass have resulted in some reforms in the services, but not nearly enough. Kowalski has estimated that 50,000 members of the armed services perform valet and even maid services for officers at a total cost to the taxpayers of $300 million a year.

"Tens of thousands of servicemen—including many highly trained and high-ranking non-coms," Kowalski has said, "are regularly assigned as bartenders, waiters, chefs, bedmakers, valets, chauffeurs, babysitters, yardmen and so-called 'orderlies' for officers. And the title of orderly can encompass anything from upstairs maid for a major's wife to walking a pet Pekingese."

Among the serviceman-servants turned up by Kowalski were sixty-two airmen at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington who were cutting meat and sacking groceries for the wives of Air Force personnel shopping at the Base commissary, fifteen who drove school buses for officers' children in Washington, twelve who were told to clear crabgrass from the officers' golf course at Offutt Air Force Base, scores of combat-trained GIs who were forced to serve as babysitters at an Army base, and an honor graduate of an Army leadership school who put in half of his time shining officers' shoes.

Also uncovered was the case of a specialist fourth grade at Fort Hood, Texas, who, according to Kowalski, spent eight months working for a colonel, "washing and waxing the car; sweeping, mopping and waxing the floors; mowing the lawn; cleaning teenage son's quarters; waxing and polishing furniture; cleaning the bathroom; scrubbing the porches." And a private first class in Hawaii who had a superior rating as a chemical laboratory specialist complained that "cleaning toilet bowls for a colonel's wife is not a desirable occupation."

Other examples of the gross misuse of men and money by the Pentagon could fill many more pages. What are the reasons for this waste of taxpayers' money besides pure mismanagement?

One important reason is the vastness of the military operation. Any organization as huge as the defense establishment is difficult to manage. Some large corporations like General Motors have attempted to solve this problem by making each of its divi-

sions semi-independent and highly competitive units. This approach surely cuts cost in private industry, but it hardly works that way among the intensely competitive armed services where ever bigger budgets, not larger sales and profits, are the dominating drive.

Senator Douglas and other thoughtful critics of waste in the military believe, however, that the preference of the armed services for negotiated contracts lies at the heart of the problem. In recent years more than eighty-six per cent of the defense contracts have been negotiated instead of being let to the lowest competent bidder. And contracts account for about half of the $46.5 billion budgeted for defense expenditures this year.

"Almost every time the Comptroller General investigates an area of negotiated contracts," Douglas has pointed out, "he finds that the government has been overcharged."

Governments, whether municipal, state, or national, long ago discovered that competitive bidding was by far the easiest way to prevent businessmen from overcharging and to assure taxpayers that contracts are made on the basis of their best interests rather than for reasons of favoritism or unjustified expediency.

A word should be said here, too, about the ethics of businessmen who complain so loudly about high taxes but who apparently have no qualms about knowingly overcharging the government whenever the chance presents itself. The GAO audits of defense expenditures surely did not come as a surprise to the companies involved in the cases. They know what their costs are, even if the armed services' procurement officers do not seem to know. No one of course expects businessmen to forego a profit on defense work, any more than workers on defense projects are expected to contribute their time for nothing. But reasonableness of both profits and wages surely ought to be the guiding principle in defense industries, which are financed with tax funds.

Another area which needs overhauling is the continued failure of the services to depend upon a common source for the supplies they all need. Only about a fourth of such general supplies as paper, furniture, office machinery, musical instruments, and containers are standardized in at least two of the services. There is no excuse for such a situation. The two basic reasons for it are the rivalries among the services and the lethargic way in which the Pentagon moves.

This lack of central control also is a contributing factor to the excessive inventories of the services. It has been estimated that the value of their surplus property exceeds $26 billion and amounts to almost a fourth of all the personal property inventory of the Defense Department. The services are now seeking to dispose of much of this surplus as rapidly as possible. Finally, there is the stock fund system under which the services, primarily the Army and the Navy, require the transfer of funds for the removal of any item from certain supply stocks. If, for example, another government department or agency discovers that it has use for an item in the stock fund not now needed by the services, the department or agency must first pay for the item, which of course has already been purchased once by the government. The result of this strange system is that items which could be used elsewhere in the government frequently are sold at a fraction of their price as surplus goods because a department or an agency does not have the funds at hand to reimburse the Pentagon for their surplus items. Senator Douglas has said that from $2 to $3 billion worth of useful goods which could have been utilized elsewhere in the government were sold as surplus at a fraction of their cost because of the stock fund system.

There is some hope for reform in sight. By words and indeed even some actions, Secretary of Defense McNamara has indicated that he is determined to get a dollar's worth of defense for every dollar spent in the name of defense. McNamara's attitude has greatly impressed Senator Douglas and other crusaders for the elimination of waste. But it will take more than attitude; it will require drastic action to prevent the prodigious waste of billions of defense dollars.

The Care and Feeding of Revolutions

by DAVID C. WILLIAMS

THE AGE OF revolution in which we live has confronted us with a host of new and perplexing problems. In most cases, these revolutions, be they violent or relatively bloodless, have been and will continue to be led by people new to us—usually woefully unused to responsibility, often radical, frequently eccentric, and sometimes unpredictable.

It is important that we learn better how to understand and deal with revolutions and the people who lead them. It is not enough that we keep repeating that our own nation was born in revolution. That was a long while ago, and is not very helpful in coping with today's world-wide ferment.

A useful starting point in the discussion of this subject is *The U.S. and Revolution*, an "occasional paper" published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, which is sponsored by the Fund for the Republic. The contributors to this symposium range from Justice William O. Douglas to William V. Shannon, chief of the Washington bureau of the New York *Post*, and include four university professors.

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It is fair to say that, with the notable exception of Justice Douglas, the attitude of the contributors towards revolution is reminiscent of the attitude of Puritans toward sex—they accept it reluctantly and only in its most respectable forms, if at all.

Shannon, closest to the centers of power in Washington, is the most candid, writing: "It would be in our selfish national interest if there were no more revolutions anywhere for a good long time." This, he concedes, is an unattainable ideal, and other contributors carefully define the kind of revolutions which the United States can be expected to favor.

Professor Kenneth E. Boulding of the University of Michigan comes out strongly in favor of what he defines as the Fomentarian Revolution. It has four essential characteristics—the achievement of a political consensus in the society concerned, a stress on education and the development of human resources, the skill to strike clever bargains with foreign capitalists, and the ability to effect a sufficient cultural change (including the acceptance of birth control) that the gains of development can be reasonably permanent.

This is an attractive pattern, but the trouble is that only Puerto Rico really fits it. We would indeed be fortunate if all the new leaders who appear on the world stage were like Luis Munoz Marin, but this is too much to hope.

Professor Harvey Wheeler of Washington and Lee University maintains that our entire history makes it impossible for us to have any sympathy for revolutions other than our own middle-class revolution for the establishment of republican liberal democracy. The application of this standard leads him to some curious results—the description of the post-war accomplishments we fostered in West Germany as "revolutionary" and of the CIA-engineered *coup* in Guatemala as "a revolution designed on our own pattern." To be fair, he believes that our standards are somewhat rigid and outdated. As he sees it, the Twentieth Century "is really in revolution *for* Americanism" and what we need to recognize is that there may be "more than one revolutionary path" to this goal.

Professor Clinton Rossiter of Cornell University sets up as his model of a "perfect revolution" one which achieves "national independence, political viability, social and economic development." He warns against the "new orthodoxy" that bestows "the glorious title of 'revolution' on every riotous or subversive act in Africa or Latin America." But it is history that bestows the title of "revolution," not anybody's orthodoxy, new or old, and the events which have acquired this title have usually been riotous or subversive of established institutions.

Typical of the caution which most of the contributors counsel about revolution is Rossiter's advice: "We should exercise prudence . . . because we are faced with the harsh fact that the U.S.S.R. and China stand anxiously and maliciously ready to move in and exploit revolutions. We cannot be expected to smile benignly on revolutions that end up by swelling the ranks of our known enemies."

As I read these words, I was vividly reminded of an incident which took place three years ago in Washington, soon after the Iraqi revolution, led by General Karim Kassim, in which King Faisal and a number of his high officials were brutally slain. Selwyn Lloyd, then Britain's foreign secretary, spoke to a small gathering about these events. It was evident that he was deeply moved by the tragic fate that had overtaken these men, some of them personal friends and all staunch supporters of the British interest in the Middle East. As the gathering broke up, one of those present whispered to me: "Wait and see! In spite of what he says, the British government is going to turn right around and support General Karim Kassim."

This, indeed, was precisely what the British did—and with results which, in spite of the recent squabble over Kuwait, have been generally satisfactory. The British oil properties in Iraq were not nationalized. The Communists, who once dominated the headlines from Baghdad as they have more recently the headlines from Havana, faded out. With all his eccentricities, the Iraqi dictator provided the British with a useful counterweight against President Nasser, who after the Suez affair seemed in danger of getting too big for his breeches.

What would have happened if the British had taken Rossiter's counsel? We cannot say for certain, because they did not. Instead of complaining that Moscow was moving in, they moved in themselves. Instead of reserving their benign smiles until they were certain how the revolution would end up, they brought them promptly into play and did all they could to see to it that the revolution did *not* end up by swelling the Soviet bloc.

I believe there is a moral in this—that we Americans might benefit if we adopted a less prudent (and less prudish) attitude toward revolutions and the men who lead them. Before we can do this, however, we shall have to become—if only because of our national fixation on the subject—more rational about the role of Communists in today's revolutions.

Almost always, there are Communists somewhere in the revolutionary movement. We tend both to be unduly aggrieved that they are there and grossly to exaggerate their importance. We have a habit of saying that Communists "infiltrate" nationalist movements, as if they were visitors from outer space. This is simply not true. Communists are normally present in nationalist movements from the beginning. Many Communists begin by being nationalists, and some continue to be as much nationalist as Communist.

It is important to recognize this because it will free us from several dangerous delusions. First, if we recognize that the Communists have always been there, we won't be looking with suspicion to find out who let them in. Second, we will accept it as normal that many revolutionary or nationalist leaders have at one time or another associated with the Communists in actions directed against the colonial power or the local ruling class. Third, we will not be too alarmed that some revolutionary leaders have, at an early stage in their careers, been Communist Party members—it may actually have contributed to their better understanding of the ways in which Communist objectives differ from theirs.

A related danger is that of exaggerating the importance of the Communists. Here Justice Douglas, I believe, goes astray when he writes:

"The three revolutions that the peoples of the world demand are (1) revolution against colonialism; (2) revolution against political feudalism; (3) revolution against economic feudalism. These three revolutions are coming very fast. To date, they are mostly sponsored by Communists."

I am unable to reconcile his conclusion with the history of the past decade and a half. Not a single leader of the new African nations, even the most radical, is a Communist. Not a single Latin American revolutionary leader has taken power as a Communist—not even Castro at the time he rode in triumph into Havana, however much he may have moved their way since. Outside China, the only Asian Communist who, at least for a time, was the George Washington of his country was Ho-Chi-Minh in Indo-China.

It would be worth serious study to determine why the Communists, always far better organized than other elements in nationalist movements, so consistently failed to seize leadership of these forces. In part, it may have been because Comintern policy at times forced them to swim against the tide—as, during World War II, the Communists in India felt compelled to support the British as allies of the Soviet Union. In larger part, I believe, it resulted from the rigidly disciplined character of the Communist movement, which produced skilled and dedicated technicians but not the charismatic, free-wheeling leaders, sensitive to every nuance of their people's mood, which revolutions seem to require.

Egoism alone—almost a standard trait in revolutionary leaders—was out of place in a movement which reserved a monopoly of this quality for the "genial father of mankind," Joseph Stalin. I can well remember the incident which first suggested to me that Tito was not precisely an orthodox Communist. Madame Tussaud's, wanting to place a figure of the Yugoslav dictator in their London wax museum, wrote him for photographs. Not only did they receive these in copious quantity, but they were also sent a full and fancy dress uniform, complete with medals.

Personal eccentricities unbecoming to a good Communist Party member abound in revolutionary leaders. The imagination boggles, for example, at anyone trying to "discipline" Castro; as for the late Patrice Lumumba, he was obviously incapable even of disciplining himself. Nationalist leaders are generally proud and prickly people; if by chance they wander into the Communist Party, they tend to be acutely uncomfortable and to get out.

These are not robots but human beings with human failings—but extraordinary human beings, or they would not have risen to the top in the supremely testing ordeal of revolution. Therefore, they require an extraordinary effort on the part of all Americans—and particularly the American government—to understand and deal with them.

Since, in our highly bureaucratic form of government, the first step in doing something is to establish an office somewhere in the hierarchy for the purpose, there might well be one called "The Office for the Study and Care of Revolutionary Leaders" (OSCRL). It should be staffed by historians, sociologists, and psychologists as well as practical politicians. And, because American politics, on any world-wide scale, leans somewhat to the right, it would be advisable to take appropriate steps to ensure that the agency leans politically somewhat to the left—there are plenty of checks and balances elsewhere to counter this bias, and it has the advantage that the distance between the new bureau and most of the people it would deal with would thereby be reduced.

The agency would lean over backwards to achieve tolerance and understanding of the occasionally odd and even irrational behavior of new revolutionary leaders. It would not judge them by the standards expected of veteran statesmen in long-established regimes. Some things revolutionary leaders do may seem almost insane to us, but may make sense in view of their own political problems and necessities. Others may be really absurd, but may reflect an immaturity which they are capable of outgrowing.

Our new office would be charged with knowing whether the man under study has visited Moscow, but will not attach undue importance to this fact. If, after being wined and dined, he has made the sort of after-dinner speech calculated to please his hosts, that will be noted—but so also will be what he said after he returned home. The occasions on which he worked with Communists will be recorded, but equal attention will be given to the occasions on which he has differed with them, and why.

Above all, our agency will make due allowances for the inexperience in government of most revolutionary and nationalist leaders. This is a far greater problem for them than in simpler times, when governments were small and both their problems and their range of activities were limited. Then a man who seized power could be reasonably confident that he could exercise it effectively. Now the new man inherits a bureaucracy which, though it may seem small to us, seems unwieldy to him. He inherits also the economic problems of the regime he has supplanted —problems which, except in subcontinents like the Soviet Union, cannot be solved within his own borders, but depend upon complex political, commercial, and economic relations with the outside world. President Nasser has candidly confessed how unprepared he was to govern Egypt when he took power; he is almost unique in his candor

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but not in his inexperience.

This very inexperience offers an opportunity to the Communists. They may not have produced the leaders, but they have many able helpers to offer. They can be extremely useful to a new ruler, particularly if he feels the need of drastic social and economic reform but is not too clear about what he wants or how to go about getting it. In such a situation, it is well not to let the Communists become indispensable to him, as they may have by now to Castro.

Our new agency would make its assessments thoroughly but promptly. Where there is any prospect of a non-Communist future for the new regime—and there usually is—it would recommend to our government that it be quick and generous with sympathy and with help of the most practical kind. Timely action, as we should know from our own experience, can yield timeless dividends. To this day, we tend to be more indulgent toward the French than to any other nation because, after almost two centuries, the memory of Lafayette and the French fleet at Yorktown still strongly colors our attitude and policies.

Americans—and above all Senators and Congressmen—will have to accept the fact that there are risks in extending a hopeful welcome to revolutions, rather than recoiling from them in fear. Some that we have helped, may disappoint us. But the Russians, too, have had their disappointments. Premier Khrushchev has complained about the gross ingratitude of President Nasser who, in spite of all the help the Soviet Union has given him, imprisons and even executes Egyptian Communists.

In the days of Stalin, such a development would have been followed by the liquidation of all past and present occupants of the Middle East desk in the Soviet Foreign Office as spies of Cairo. It is a measure of Khrushchev's greater sophistication about the world and its uncertainties that no such purge has taken place. It is essential that our Senators and Congressmen show equal sophistication, and not seek out and hound from office officials whose policies, representing a sober assessment of the prospects at the time, have not yielded the expected results. These are situations where the risks of inaction, yielding to the Communists a clear field, are usually greater than the risks of timely action.

It is pleasant to report that, though my proposed agency does not yet exist, our government seems to be about to embark upon the kind of policy I hoped it would advocate. Both before and after the recent and expected victory of Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana, our State Department has let it be known to interested journalists that, like the British Colonial Office, we are prepared to take the chance of being friendly and helpful to him. As we have recently been reminded by Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Connecticut Democrat, Jagan has often described himself as a Marxist and his wife was undoubtedly a member of the Young Communist League. To his great credit, Senator Stephen Young, Ohio Democrat, arose to say that, while he would never have voted for Jagan, he sees more hope in working with him than in working against him.

It is good, I think, that Senators Dodd and Young have spoken, so that the American people know that their government is about to take a calculated risk and why. No one hereafter can maintain that the decision was taken by stealth and conspiracy in some obscure corner of the State Department.

The French, as always, have a proverb which reflects centuries of experience: "The absent are always in the wrong." Increasingly, we must take the chance of being helpfully present in the early and formative period of revolutionary regimes. Those who are present may not always have the good fortune to be effective. But we will not have opportunities open to us if we stand timidly aside from the kind of revolutionary world in which, willy-nilly, we have to live.

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Revolution in Angola

by RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

Leopoldville

If we accept the historical evidence that Africa was propelled into the mainstream of modern life by its contact with Europe, we have to admit that Africa owes a great deal to Portugal. Portuguese navigators mapped and explored the west and east coasts of the continent, not only opening the channels of trade between Africa and Europe but expanding those that already existed between East Africa and Asia.

In 1497, when British and French ships were still content to nibble at the northwest edge of the continent, Vasco da Gama turned the Cape and found the road to the Indian Ocean. "For more than a hundred years," wrote Gervase Mathew, the East African historian, "they [the Portuguese] treated the Indian Ocean as if it were a Portuguese lake."

From the Americas, the Portuguese brought nearly everything which Africans grow and eat today—cassava, corn, bananas, a score of citrus and other fruits. They introduced a number of processes for handling metals and for building and, when no one else in Europe was educating Africans—and when more than ninety-nine per cent of the Portuguese themselves were illiterate—the hardy captains from Portugal were bringing the princes of the Kongo or the sons of the Olu of Warri to the Lisbon court for education.

In those fever-ridden, communicationless days of Africa's historical infancy, the Portuguese alone settled on the African coast and intermarried. In the Sixteenth Century, an Itshekiri prince returned to Warri from Lisbon with a Portuguese noblewoman bride. The Portuguese trading castles—including the magnificent one that stands in the sea at Elmina, Ghana (built in 1492 and still in excellent repair)—are landmarks all down the coast for the seamen of today. But their strongest and most definitive settlement was on the southern banks of the Zaire, now called the Congo, which has been a Portuguese sphere of influence since 1482.

In Kongo, as the little kingdom there was called, the Portuguese found a nation-clan with a fairly well-regulated system of government. The Bakongo worked iron and copper, made pottery, and had become a pastoral community—in times when the rest of the Coast was still in the more primitive hunting-fishing-roots-and-berries stage. The first contacts between the Portuguese and the kings of Mbanza Kongo (now called Sao Salvador, and the birthplace of Holden Roberto, the leader of the present Angolan revolution) were friendly and promising. The Portuguese found the people hungry for sophistication: in no time at all, they had put aside their pantheon of greedy gods and malevolent ancestor-spirits and embraced Christianity. The Portuguese brought in traders, blacksmiths, masons, cabinetmakers, priests, friars, and even master printers. In 1506, when the king of the Bakongo died, his son mounted the royal stool with the eminently Portuguese and Catholic name of Dom Affonso I. His sons went to the Santo Eloi college in Lisbon, and one of them was part of a group of early African seminarists. This son, Dom Henrique, returned to Mbanza from the Vatican in 1521 with the title of bishop.

Dom Affonso, in the meantime, had made himself literate. The king's elderly sister had opened a girls' school. The king appointed his elders to the ranks of duke, marquis, and count and borrowed other Portuguese customs. He studied the Portuguese legal code and revised Kongo tribal law. He advised on the design of a cathedral and had churches built throughout his kingdom, including several in Mbanza—which his people nicknamed *"ekongo dia ngungo,"* the town of bells.

This intense and astonishing westernization process over a little stretch of central Africa's primeval rain forest slackened off after Affonso died. The enormous death toll from tropical diseases discouraged the Portuguese settlers. Great difficulties were encountered in recruiting replacements in the European community's ranks; almost inevitably, the Kongo became a place to send convicts, drunken priests, and other jetsam. But Kongo remained an unusually westernized African kingdom, enjoying friendly relations with its trading partner, Portugal. The Portuguese presence spread south from Kongo into Ngola until the whole territory known today as Angola—twice the size of Texas—was the trade preserve of the Lisbon flag.

Then came the slave trade, for which Portugal was only one of many nations—African, European, and American—responsible. This improved Portugal's standing with the stronger tribes—who captured and sold weaker tribesmen—but made the others their enemies and exacerbated the country's natural tendency to tribal conflicts. Finally came the law of the gun—colonization. Time has passed, and passed quickly; the colonization period in Africa will have been only a brief moment in history. But Portugal was managing to resist the passage of time, until the revolution, with Affonso's old kingdom as the most affected area, broke out.

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Angola is not like anything else in modern Africa. From the moment you step off the antiquated Portuguese DC3, go through the modern but austere little terminal building and step into the white-driven minibus, you are conscious that this is an oddity in Black Africa. The streets, the post office desks, the road gangs, the cheap cafes which serve the malodorous *bacalhau* (salted cod) and boiled potatoes, are full of tough, educationally underprivileged white faces. It is Mississippi again, with a Portuguese accent.

At the hotel two white boys of thirteen battle laughingly for the right to carry your luggage and open the elevator. They accept with thanks a tip less than half what a less energetic Congolese would get in Leopoldville, only a hundred miles away. A white chambermaid curtsies and says that you can ring for her, any time of the night. You raise your eyebrows; she curtsies again, grins, and goes. In the morning, a gray-headed old woman who might be her grandmother is scrubbing the marble terrace. Where else in Africa do white people go as emigrants for the right to scrub floors?

Yet to say that Angola is an underdeveloped South Africa is not strictly true. Racial discrimination here is not codified. Of 200,000 whites, more than half are recent immigrants; yet there are 100,000 mulattoes, many of whom stand in high esteem; more accurately, these mulattoes are Portuguese, not African, and nobody who meets them could doubt it.

Where Angola does look like South Africa is in the faces and activities of the police, the army, and especially the security police, the PIDE. To speak to someone from the PIDE is easy: be a correspondent, pick up your hotel telephone, and the PIDE monitor will click in on your line at once. Of course, under the circumstances, it is wiser not to speak to him then. Even without a telephone, you are sure to meet the PIDE, whether you know it or not. A local consul says: "I know no one here of whom I could say with certainty that he does not work for the 'gestapo.'"

Out in the streets, you hail a taxi with a white driver—there are no others—and you go to an apparently all-white restaurant. But anyone of any color, who can afford to, can go there, and the Portuguese like to see a few dark faces; it proves a spurious point of theirs: that they themselves, the Portuguese, are Angolans, not settlers; and that the indigenous population are Portuguese provincials, not Africans.

One distinguished mulatto, who comes from a long line of mulattoes, is Monsignor Manuel J. Mendes das Neves, Vicar-General of Angola, hierapparent to the archbishopric, and a favorite for elevation to membership in the College of Cardinals. Mendes das Neves is five feet tall and about seventy years of age, a slightly Orientally-featured prince of the Catholic Church who occasionally drops his clerical demeanor to flay from the pulpit Portugal's African policy and her contempt for human rights. "Dropped," in the past tense, would be more accurate: the Monsignor was saying mass one morning last March when the PIDE showed up at Luanda Cathedral and bustled the little divine off to headquarters. Where is he now? Possibly still at PIDE headquarters. Perhaps in Sao Paulo jail. Possibly on his way to Sao Tome slave-labor island. If he is lucky he will be deported to Portugal—if luckier still (on Vatican insistence) to the Gregorian University, Rome.

Other priests have been rounded up in recent months. They say their crime is a Christian outlook on African rights. The Portuguese say they used their priestly office as a shield from arrest and organized the risings which are now tearing Angola apart.

In Luanda, the capital port, to which foreign journalists are confined, you hear little shooting; the main terrorist commandos are farther north and east. But at the airport you can watch the charter aircraft, loaded with women and children, panicking off to Lisbon. Outside the two local banks, long files of people wait all day to transfer savings to Portugal. Officially, this should pose no problem, for Angola is a province, not an overseas territory. But Lisbon has clamped down on unrestricted transfers—the provincial *escudo* is not worth as much as that of the homeland.

But enough of the revolt ravaging the northern third of the country has spread to the center and the south and sporadically bubbles up in the major towns to be evident in the local press. Although the press is held on a short leash and muzzled to the bone, drama still barks out from the flowery headlines. The controlled local press talks fairly frankly of fear, panic, mayhem. Even as it loyally boasts of how Portuguese forces are riding roughshod over the "foreign-inspired rebellion," it reveals the extent of the disaster. You cannot protest so much about African atrocities, or boast so well of Portuguese feats of arms, without showing Angola to be at war.

The revolt began on the Primavera plantation, near the Matadi border, in February. In the twenty-four hours that followed, there were twenty-one plantation uprisings. The machete was used more than guns, in those early days. Today, the revolution uses modern automatic weapons, and permanent resistance guerrilla forces are entrenched in the forested mountain near Damba, Nuambuancongo, and other northern market centers. From their brush mountain fastnesses, they venture out on commando raids. Terror, more than destruction, is their major aim.

By African standards, casualty statistics are monstrously high. More than a thousand Europeans—soldiers, civilians, women, children—have been shot or hacked to death. African casualties include the victims of firing squads and populations immolated in burned villages. Nobody knows the true figures, and the Portuguese soldiery are certainly not count-

ing the charred heads. A Lisbon paper says 50,000. In the frontier area of the Congo, more than 60,000 refugees from Portuguese army onslaughts are getting Red Cross assistance.

Portugal's forces in the field are pretty small—perhaps 20,000 European soldiers, including a battalion of parachutists, and 15,000 now-disarmed Angolan levies. The entire Portuguese forces in the world cannot surpass 100,000 men. To increase forces in Angola, Portugal is relying on a white militia. The territory's 1961 defense budget has been raised from $3 million to $8 million to arm and indemnify these local volunteers, and to issue grenades, machine guns, flares, and ammunition to isolated white plantations. But Portugal does not possess the force to subdue a general uprising by Angolans if the insurgents have sufficient firearms. Portugal's chief weapon is intimidation; executions (the clothes, Catholic medallions, and other personal possessions are returned to the families so that they and their neighbors will be impressed); inferno lines (a narrowing circle of brush fire around a conglomeration of villages); bombings; wholesale shootings. The Portuguese are determined, tough, and ruthless.

But the revolution is spreading. The Baptist mission in Leopoldville has received reports of eight African pastors executed by the Portuguese in Southern Angola; seventy-five more are missing—either dead, deported, or imprisoned. In Cabinda, the Portuguese enclave between the former French and Belgian Congos, fifty chiefs have been arrested. "Let them fill Sao Tome and Sao Paulo," a nationalist militant who recently escaped to Leopoldville chuckled bitterly. He named the other prisons. "Let them fill Porto Alexandre, Silva Porto, Damba, Baia dos Tigres. We are not afraid. We shall build a great nation and cement it together with Portuguese bones and blood." No love is lost, on either side.

A year ago, consuls in Luanda were reporting that Angola was sixty per cent behind the moderate opposition of exiled Humbert Delgado. Today the great white mass has abandoned the opposition cause and is clasping for protection at the coat-tails of the Lisbon dictator, Antonio Salazar. They prefer tyranny to the tomb. But the white businessmen of Luanda still have a mixture of hatred and contempt for the durable old Portuguese premier. "He is 700 years old, you know—politically," said one angry local exporter. "There is no solution to Angola's problems under our present medieval system," said a leading local lawyer. But the white home-rulers, Delgadoists, Galvaoists, and liberals do not want an African independent state that will drive them into the Atlantic. Said one courageous liberal on the PIDE blacklist: "We are staying here, either above the ground or below it."

What is the stake in this three-way struggle among the regime, the white liberals, and the nationalists? Angola is fourteen times Portugal in size. It has five million people. Forty per cent of its export economy is coffee, twenty per cent diamonds. Its dollar surplus pays for Portugal's dollar deficit, for the United States, its best customer, buys three times as much as it sells in the country. The second best customer is the United Kingdom, then Portugal, which sells three times as much as it buys.

Of its five million population, 250,000 are *civilisados*—whites who may or may not be literate, blacks and browns who can read and write, are Catholic, and live as Europeans do. The great majority of the "civilized" are whites. Thirty per cent of civilized children are getting an education; four per cent of non-civilized progeny have a privileged place on the benches of mission primary schools. In the current six-year development plan, only three per cent of funds are devoted to education and health, taken together.

In 1952, 470 years after the Portuguese arrived in the Ngola-Kongo area, the territory became a Portuguese province instead of a colony—the first reform introduced for centuries. In another hundred years, a daring young senior official in Governor-General Silva Tavares' office told this correspondent recently, Angola will be a second Brazil—though not independent, of course. What it would have then would be "decentralized, representative, local government," legislation subject only to confirmation in Lisbon (presumably by a 172-year-old Salazar).

At present, Salazar is all the government Angola has. His governor-general, a Cape Verde islander (who now cedes final authority to the military commander), has an appointed advisory council. A small legislative council, chosen by restricted suffrage, deals with minor aspects of legislation. Thirty thousand voters send two deputies to Lisbon's yes-man assembly.

Until recently, white home-rulers were Portugal's only political problem in Angola. They are what accounts for the intricate security service. Black nationalism is something new. It has startled the mother country but has not destroyed its blind, superb optimism. Portugal, says Portuguese officialdom, cannot even envisage giving up Angola and Mozambique because Portugal is too poor to do without them; and Portugal is too poor to be indispensable to either after independence.

Since Adlai Stevenson raised his hand for discussion of Angola in the United Nations Security Council (leftwing Ecuador abstained, as did America's usual voting partner, Taiwan, thus reducing an anticipated seven votes, the minimum, to an ineffective five), the United States, in Portuguese eyes, has been more or less responsible for all the mayhem in Angola. The U.S. consulate, and especially U.S. missions and mission clinics, have been attacked. Consul William Gibson's car was rolled into Luanda harbor. The demonstrations were typically government-organized—police dutifully stood by and watched the depredations to proper-

ty, but intervened when there was any risk to life. The enmity has spread over into attacks on Protestant missions (nationalist leader Holden Roberto is a Protestant).

But a nationalist victory is not for tomorrow. Portuguese force and the secret police are not the only barriers to the revolution. The country, being essentially illiterate, is still tribally divided. The Bakongo in the north support the Angolan Peoples' Union (UPA), which gave the signal for the troubles. The Mbundu, the Ambundu, and the Kwamyana, on the whole do not. There are more than a dozen different nationalist movements. None is anywhere near as big as the UPA; and the pro-Communist one based in Guinea, the Revolutionary Front for Angolan Independence, led by former Sorbonne professor Mario Andrade, has recently merged with the UPA. Andrade, a mulatto, is the brother of Monsignor Joaquim Pinto Andrade, chancellor of Luanda Diocese, who was deported to Lisbon last year as a subversive influence.

The leaven of Angolan resistance lives in the Congo, where 60,000 emigrants from Angola earned, until recent times, a much better living than Luanda offers. There are 40,000 in Leopoldville, mostly Bakongo and therefore quite at home in this predominently Mukongo city. Enough of these 40,000 pay fifty cents a month to the UPA to enable the party to put out a twice-monthly, sixteen-page paper without advertising, and to send delegates abroad. With Tunisian aid, Holden Roberto, the party leader, is setting up a New York office. The party is strong enough to have received a delegation from exiled Portuguese opposition leader General Humbert Delgado, to whom it is cool (Delgado's supporters in Angola do not want *African* home rule; but Delgado would be a better prospect than Salazar).

In Leopoldville, UPA leader Roberto (a thirty-six-year-old former Belgian Congo civil servant who has spent only about four years in Angola since his birth in Sao Salvador in 1925) coordinates the rising, and plans other moves, such as strikes and sabotage to keep Angola in the world's eye.

Roberto, who physically resembles Lumumba but appears to have more depth, has been three times to the United Nations, spending eight months in the United States on the first visit. He has also had seven months in Accra, and this summer visited Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Tu-

nisia, and Switzerland, lobbying for moral help. Roberto speaks French, English, Portuguese, and two Angolan languages. He makes a good impression, but is ideologically left of center, thus leaving the U.S. State Department in doubt as to whether he is the man to back. After independence, he will probably, if in charge, tend to err on the side of ruthlessness, of emotional anti-Portugalism. Even in Roberto's hands—which are steadier than were Lumumba's—Angola will probably do a Congo.

Angola can hardly do better: it is much less developed than the Congo, has an infinitesimal elite, and speaks a language almost as dead as Latin, which makes it difficult to recruit technical assistance. The Portuguese official reply to the absence of education is that the country can do without a discontented, jobless elite. "Economic expansion first!" has been the slogan. But economic expansion in recent years has not created the jobs for Africans which would have justified more education, under this philosophy; for the new jobs have gone to Portugal's ever-increasing, government-encouraged flow of emigrants, not all of whom are needed for the new agricultural projects. European emigrants, invented as a policy to make Portugal's stake in Angola even stronger than during the past five centuries, are undermining it by the enmity they create and by their racism. The older Portuguese colonists were conquerors, not white-supremacists—there is a difference. The new colonists are emotional racists, as are all threatened poor-whites in black places.

Portugal does not admit that there is an African political problem in Angola. There is nothing about an African political view in the gospel according to Oliveiro Salazar. The United Nations inquiry commission on Angola cannot enter the country. Officialdom in Angola believes the present risings are aimed more at toppling Salazar in Portugal than Portugal in Angola. Therefore, it is an internal problem. Officialdom even denies underdevelopment—but admits the need for more international investment.

Angola's commercial-world Jacobins, though less liberal than most European liberals in Africa, have perhaps the most realistic view of the situation. They want democratic reforms, but not too fast—just fast enough to stave off political disaster. They want an end to forced labor. They want an escudo zone, to protect the local currency, now suffering from a grave lack of confidence. They favor close cooperation with the Latin-American nations. The pace of democratic reform would be geared to the increased pace of education they wish to see—democracy requires an understanding of democracy. But their chances of putting these ideas across in Lisbon are small, and time is running out.

The bitter-sweet smell of independence, chaotic and mysterious, is in the air. It will come, like the little emigrant chambermaid, at the push of a bell, from the heart of the Angolan darkness. Fortunately—for Angola needs ten years to prepare for independence—no one yet has pushed the bell, but well before ten years is up, it will ring. And still nothing will have been done to make independence work. Perhaps the whole concept of independence *is* too big for a small power like Portugal to think about.

But how long can Europe's second poorest nation resist Africa's galloping gale of change? And how long can we in the West appear less enthusiastic than the Eastern bloc for the revolution? Portugal is an ally and must be handled as delicately as circumstances permit. But Africa is uncommitted, a circumstance that permits of no ambiguity, on our part, in matters such as the revolution in Angola.

THE HOPE OF HOUSING

by JERRY VOORHIS

ON February 16, 1960, Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York, announced that 6,300 home units would soon be built on the site of the Jamaica (Long Island) race track. He announced that this group of homes would be named Rochdale Village, in honor of the twenty-eight poor weavers who founded the first consumers' cooperative at Rochdale, England, in 1848.

Sponsor, builder, and developer of this, the largest single cooperative housing project in this country and perhaps in the world, would be United Housing Foundation.

Within twenty-four hours after Governor Rockefeller's announcement more than two thousand applications had been received by United Housing Foundation. They came from people who wanted to live in and share ownership in the Rochdale Village. These people had never seen plans or pictures of the buildings. They had been told only approximately what the down payments would be or the monthly payments once they were living in their new homes. But they were ready in most cases to make their down payments right then.

Why did this happen?

Partly because good homes in good neighborhoods are the outstanding unmet economic need of middle and lower-income families in the United States today. And partly because Rochdale Village was to be another project of United Housing Foundation, which meant that the homes would be built not for sale at a profit but to give as many families as possible good homes in good neighborhoods at costs they could afford. People had confidence in United Housing Foundation.

People in New York City had learned from experience that consumer-sponsored cooperative housing is built to meet the needs of people for homes—and for no other purpose. Such housing represents one of the most dramatic examples of "consumer-directed production." Goods or services so produced in effect are already sold before they are even produced, just as was the case with the homes in the yet non-existent Rochdale Village.

Some fourteen million American families are living in substandard or slum homes today. And many families have escaped this fate only by spending far more in purchasing their homes than they could safely afford. Yet in some of our major cities there is considerable unemployment in the building trades.

The reason for all this is twofold. First, we have not been building enough new houses nor doing nearly enough to cure big-city blight. Second, the houses that have been built have been mostly luxury housing. Comparatively few of them cost less than $15,000, and a family should have an income of at least $7,000 in order safely to afford a home that expensive. But only a minority of American families have incomes of $7,000 a year.

Our construction industry is building the kind of houses it wants to build, at prices it wants to charge, without much direct reference to what people generally need or can afford.

So a few intelligent people have had the idea of reversing this process and building the kind of homes the people do need at prices they can afford. The surest way to be certain you are doing this is to let the people who need the homes do the decision making. In other words, to organize a cooperative of the home needers, build homes tailored to their needs and pocketbooks, and enable them to own their own homes, cooperatively, after they are built. Under such circumstances no high-pressure sales efforts are needed. The houses belong to the families who are going to live in them before they are even constructed.

A whole section of New York's lower East Side has been changed from a slum into a beautiful, law-abiding community of neighbors by this method. And the cost of this housing is twenty-five to thirty per cent less than comparable commercially built housing. Average monthly charges including all costs in these cooperatives is $60 to $70 for four-room apartments. That is, $720 to $840 a year. Families with incomes as low as $4,000 can afford such costs for their homes without incurring burdensome debt.

Cooperative housing got its start in the United States in 1926. It began with a remarkably logical decision on the part of some members and officials of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. The clothing workers figured up how much they were paying in rent on the rather shabby apartments their families occupied. They capitalized this amount. They investigated costs of construction of apartment buildings in the New York area. They found out how much mortgage financing would cost. They concluded from all this that if they could become their own landlords, that is, build and own their own homes, they could save money and have far better homes. They appointed a committee to plan further and especially to see if money could be borrowed. Fortunately, they selected as manager of the enterprise a tiny man with a giant's vision, Abraham E.

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Kazan, now president of United Housing Foundation, who has been the genius and spearhead of American cooperative housing ever since.

The result of the pioneer effort was Amalgamated Housing Corporation, builder and sponsor of an apartment building on the border of Van Cortlandt Park. The Amalgamated project turned out to be a brilliant success. Not only did it provide good housing at considerably reduced cost, it created a true neighborhood in the midst of America's largest city. It brought into being a neighborhood in which forums and lecture courses would be held on all manner of subjects, where nursery schools and summer camps would be organized for children, where cooperative food stores, credit unions, and insurance services would be organized by the neighbors for mutual benefit of the neighbors. Gardens and shrubbery and vines on the brick buildings have come to be prized by these families. And pride in appearance and in "keeping up" the cooperatively owned properties have held maintenance costs to half what they normally are in either conventional "landlord's" rental housing or in publicly owned housing.

But what is perhaps most remarkable—though hardly surprising, really—about the Amalgamated homeowners and other similar groups who have followed in their footsteps has been the record of unbelievably low incidence of crime or delinquency among them. Seventy-five per cent of the families now resident in the Van Cortlandt Park homes are either the same families, or direct descendants of the families who went to live there in 1926. And there has yet to be recorded a single case of major crime or even of serious juvenile delinquency among them.

Encouraged by the success of the first venture, there followed, slowly at first, similar projects in other parts of New York City. The early ones were sponsored by Amalgamated Clothing Workers and financed by savings banks whose complete confidence Kazan had gained. Not until the post-World War II years did the tempo of development become more rapid. Then other strong labor unions such as International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and International Ladies' Garment Workers become interested. So did some of the larger credit unions and other membership organizations. And not only was this interest shown in the sponsoring of projects, but in their mortgage financing as well. Some insurance companies also joined in financing some of the projects. Several of them centered in the Corlears Hook section of the lower East Side, where by 1960 a whole area, once a miserable slum, had become known as Cooperative Village, with 5,000 family-owners of the apartments, a number of credit unions serving these family needs, a fine cooperatively owned supermarket for their shopping, and excellent playgrounds for the children.

The war years, of course, saw little housing construction. The need increased with each passing month. So did the savings of many families. And as peace finally came, the stage was set for a surge of activity. It centered, still, in New York City. Tenants in government housing, built for war workers in Dayton, Ohio; South Bend, Indiana; Dallas, Texas; and a couple of other places, organized cooperative associations and bought the homes they had been renting from the government. But nowhere else were the laws as favorable as in New York. Nowhere except in New York had there been a demonstration of cooperative-housing success from bare land to happy neighborhood, and nowhere else was there an A. E. Kazan.

Interest was fairly widespread. Two points of view emerged. On the one hand were A. E. Kazan and his close associates who were rigidly unwilling to compromise any of their thoroughly cooperative principles; who knew how to do the job, and who refused to be pushed into a program so broad that it would endanger their established standards for every project they undertook. Their world was New York City. On the other hand were people who, while recognizing the extreme value of the accomplishments of the Kazan group, felt that an attempt should be made to extend the benefits of cooperative housing beyond New York, and who, in general, were less insistent on application of pure cooperative methods so long as more and more housing could be obtained.

The net result was three organizations, all centered in New York City, but all working independently of one another and in somewhat different ways.

The first and strongest of these was United Housing Foundation under Kazan. It proceeded along the lines that had already been proved so successful to develop one housing cooperative after another in metropolitan New York. Much of the activity centered in the lower East Side of the city.

By 1959, 12,000 families in New York were housed in beautiful, and remarkably inexpensive, apartment buildings, which they themselves owned as a result of UHF activity. It was evident that within a very few years this number would be trebled. Other labor unions besides Amalgamated Clothing Workers took an interest. International Ladies' Garment Workers union sponsored and provided a $15,000,000 mortgage loan for a lower East Side project known as ILGWU Village. Present at its dedication in 1956 were both United States Senators from New York, the mayor of the city, the president of the Borough Council, several Congressmen, the president of the American Federation of Labor, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and many other state and national leaders. Cooperative housing of the United Housing Foundation type was definitely accepted as a most important, constructive factor in American urban life.

Not the least important reason for this was the fact that monthly charges, including the upbuilding of equity ownership, were, and are, in such projects between twenty and thirty per cent less than simple rentals would be in comparable commercial housing. And a basic reason these savings are possible is that cooperative housing is consumer-directed production of housing. It is produc-

tion geared to real needs by the people who have the needs.

It is true that in New York cooperative housing can have some tax abatement along with any other type of non-profit housing. Few other states have the same type of law. Nor is there anywhere any special tax provision for cooperative housing. It pays the same taxes exactly as do other kinds of housing. But in New York any kind of non-profit housing, including cooperative housing, can qualify for tax abatement for a period of twenty-five years. This is in no sense a tax exemption. But under New York law, non-profit housing is permitted to pay the same taxes for a period of twenty-five years as were collected upon the same property before the new construction took place. This, of course, is some help in keeping the monthly charges low, but it is no "special privilege" for cooperative housing. It *is* a special provision of New York law for any non-profit housing.

But in this postwar period the United Housing Foundation people were not working alone. The Middle Income Housing Corporation got its start by guiding construction, development, and occupancy of Morningside Heights Housing Cooperative, sponsored by a number of religious and educational institutions. It followed with Chatham Green housing cooperative sponsored by city and state credit unions. William Reid, national credit union leader and later to become chairman of the New York City Housing Commission, became president of the Middle Income Housing Corporation.

The Foundation for Cooperative Housing provided in many respects the counterpart to United Housing Foundation. FCH was fathered—and largely financed—by Winslow Carlton, public-spirited civic leader and president of a consumer-oriented health insurance company. FCH looked across the nation and thought generally about the national housing problem. It equipped itself to assist and counsel in the development of cooperative housing almost anywhere. It worked less intensively than United Housing Foundation, and was less insistent on application of all the cooperative principles to the projects with which it worked, but it spread its work and influence more broadly. And it converted to cooperative ownership houses in Bridgeport, Connecticut; Greenbelt, Maryland; Kansas City, Missouri, and dozens of other communities.

In 1950 an event took place in Washington which was to confront all three of the organizations as well as the Cooperative League of the United States and everyone else concerned with the cooperative movement with an almost overwhelming challenge. In that year Congress enacted into law section 213 of the Federal Housing Act. It provided for insurance by FHA of loans to cooperative housing projects. Such projects, as the law came to provide after some amendments, could be sponsored either by the consumers or by builders or by investors. Amortization and interest provisions were among the more favorable terms provided by the national legislation.

The result was that "cooperative housing" of many shapes and sizes began to spring up all over the nation. Some of these projects were genuinely cooperative in their major aspects, particularly some of those guided by one or another of the service agencies mentioned above. Others were purely luxury apartments.

Most of them were projects that developed something like this. Builders or investors saw in section 213 their best opportunity to build housing, sell it expeditiously and under the most favorable financing arrangements. So many families needed housing that they readily bought shares in cooperative housing of this type—particularly since down payments were in many cases quite small. Few of these people understood well what they were doing. Few of them knew, despite information sheets prepared and recommended by FHA for distribution among them, just what a cooperative was or what their obligations and responsibilities as cooperative owners entailed. Still fewer realized the potential values and benefits of cooperation, not only in home ownership, but in neighborhood development and in obtaining of needed supplies, services, and recreational facilities.

By 1959 there were some three hundred cooperative housing projects in the United States, 150 of them in New York State, with perhaps four hundred thousand people living in them. Some of them were thoroughly cooperative communities, both economically and socially. Some had hardly any of these aspects. In these latter cases the families had new houses to live in, and that was good. But the task of helping them to realize what cooperative ownership could mean to them remained almost wholly to be done.

Who was going to perform this task?

A start had been made by the Cooperative League in 1958 when the first national conference on cooperative housing was convened by that organization in Washington, D.C. So much interest was shown that the League immediately announced that such conferences would be held annually.

But two days of experience-sharing and discussion among a group of cooperative housing leaders once a year, is hardly adequate to convey to several hundred thousand resident-owners the meaning and value of cooperative housing. A three-day training institute for cooperative housing managers sponsored and conducted by the Cooperative League dug somewhat more deeply and brought demands for more of the same kind of activity.

It was, however, evident that the answer to the over-all problem could be found only in a national organization of cooperative housing associations. Such an organization could set standards of proper cooperative operation for its membership. It could provide assistance and advice in problem solving. It could work at the development of more "United Housing Foundations" and "Foundations for Cooperative Housing" in other parts of the country. It could conduct

training conferences and institutes. It could do its best to insist on adequate educational programs for owner-occupant-members of cooperative housing projects.

All this a national federation for cooperative housing could do *if* the diverse elements in the field could be reconciled, the various viewpoints brought into reasonable harmony, and *if* enough of the cooperative homeownership groups could be persuaded to join and pay dues to finance the work of the national organization. Throughout most of 1959 and early 1960 work to these ends went forward, through initiative of the Cooperative League, UHF, and FCH.

On May 11, 1960, a meeting of established cooperative housing leaders was held in New York City and the National Association of Housing Cooperatives became a reality.

The scope of the work of such a national organization will be limited only by the available resources, for there is no longer any doubt at all that "cooperative housing" in all its aspects and all its various degrees of real cooperation will dot the nation in the years ahead.

Indeed, at the annual Conference on Cooperative Housing in Washington in February, 1960, the conservative commissioner of the Federal Housing Administration stated that for millions of families in the nation in the middle and lower-income groups the one real hope of homeownership and good housing lies in cooperative housing. The executive secretary of the National Association of Housing and Redevelopment Officials declared at the same conference that cooperative housing is the master key to good urban renewal programs.

At this conference, also, Ira Robbins, a member of the New York City Housing Commission, made an announcement that could have tremendous meaning for the future in the use of cooperative ownership in securing good homes for American families. Robbins stated that the New York City Commission had decided to build eight projects with homes for more than seven thousand families, and instead of maintaining them as publicly-owned housing, to sell them as cooperatives to the families who would live in them. It was well known that serious social problems had been arising in connection with so-called "public housing." Perhaps some of these could be solved by a new and extended use of cooperative methods and cooperative ownership. At least the municipality would collect some $50 million in taxes which it would not otherwise get, and since the equity down payments would be made at the outset, some $20 million of the estimated $138 million cost would be immediately recovered for use elsewhere. No subsidy would be involved. But the borrowing power of the city would make possible less costly financing and could thus bring the monthly charges to the new cooperative owners within range of lower-middle income families.

The decision of the New York City Housing Commission opened a huge new door for cooperative housing. If cooperation were to be employed by municipal authorities to meet as much as possible the housing needs of groups heretofore requiring partially subsidized public housing, there could be a great increase in cooperative housing in this critical field.

It is probable that good housing at costs they can afford is the most serious unmet economic need of Americans today. This, then, is the kind of situation in which cooperatives have their clearest reason for existence, their best chance to show the benefits they can bring to a whole society, and the best opportunity to win broad public acceptance.

Crumbling Wall in the South

by EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

THEY USED to tell a story on Capitol Hill about the late United States Senator Ellison D. Smith, a South Carolina Democrat, and it could very well have been a true story. "Cotton Ed," as he was called, was elected to six terms in the Senate. In advance of one of his campaigns, a reporter dropped in on him for an interview.

"Senator," the newsman said, "you are coming up for reelection pretty soon. What are you going to use for an issue this time?"

"Issue," Senator Smith repeated, somewhat incredulously, "why the Nigra, of co'se."

There are still a lot of politicians like "Cotton Ed" Smith in the South, men who bellow against the Supreme Court, promise a last-ditch fight against school desegregation, and demand that the Nigra be kept in his place." But it should not be thought for a moment that Southerners are solidly behind such men, or that the race issue takes up their thinking to the exclusion of everything else.

There is a rival issue in the Deep South now, a burgeoning and demanding issue, that even the racist office-holders and office-seekers dare not ignore. It is economics, or, as Northern politicians would say, the "pork-chop issue."

I learned this on a recent tour of some of the states of the Old Confederacy. A newspaper editor in Atlanta first made me aware of it. "You

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go around this city and talk to business and professional men," he said, "and you'll make a discovery. You'll find that they are bored by all this talk about segregation and desegregation. They want to make money."

That sounds crass, but the Atlanta editor didn't intend that it should. The business and professional men he had in mind were not bored by the racial problem because they thought it of no importance; they were bored because they had accepted a beginning of integration in Atlanta's schools, stores, and restaurants, and they were tired of listening to white supremacists trying to head off the inevitable.

At the time I was in Atlanta, the city was preparing for "token integration"—that is, for the enrollment of ten—later nine—Negro pupils in the white high schools. Police Chief Herbert T. Jenkins was drawing up extraordinary plans to prevent violence at the schools. He had made a study of what happened at Little Rock and New Orleans, scenes of rioting or tumult that became news all over the world, and he was determined that Atlanta would get no such black eye.

Police Chief Jenkins was, of course, reflecting the concern of Atlanta's leading citizens, including business and professional men. The Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and Civitan clubs had joined with others in forming "Organizations Assisting Schools in September" (OASIS). The group called for "a climate of calm, dignified acceptance of desegregation."

In New Orleans, a city that lost tourist business because of trouble stirred up by racial fanatics, the Chamber of Commerce adopted a resolution insisting on tranquility in connection with the desegregation of four additional schools.

After my return to Washington from the South, the *Wall Street Journal* published the results of a survey in that region, and said: "Business leaders, who feel the impact of strife in lost business and on their efforts to attract new industry, are joining with parents and church leaders in demanding law and order."

Of course the economic issue in the Deep South is bigger than the fear

Herblock in The Washington Post

"You Mean, Suh, Let Them Mingle Ballots In the Same Box with Ours?"

of merchants that racial violence will hurt business. It is something that transcends the racial question and has to do with the regeneration of a large and important area of the United States. Somewhere along the line, the South—or, at least, some of its more enlightened people—stopped feeling sorry for itself. It stopped blaming Appomattox, Thaddeus Stevens, and the carpetbaggers for its backwardness, and decided that it was time for a renaissance in Dixie.

Typical of the South's new go-getters is LeRoy Collins, former governor of Florida. In the course of my visit down that way, I picked up one of his speeches that was being distributed in pamphlet form by the Southern Regional Council. This speech offered an exciting picture of material gains in the South. It also held out a promise that the South may one day recapture the position of national leadership it held in the time of Washington and Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Madison, and Monroe.

"Let's take a look at the South," Collins said. "If one merely consults the newspaper headlines, he is likely to conclude that doom days have descended upon the people of the South—that decades of painful progress have been swept away, returning us to the bitterness and blindness which set the South aflame a century ago.

"But shrouded behind these dismaying headlines is the story of Southern progress. Today, our region is coming out of that blind alley in which it was trapped for so long. We are getting into the middle of the national economy and not just feeding off it from the edges. It is this story, so often unseen, which demands that all of us put aside the widow's veil and roll up our sleeves and meet our opportunities.

"I do not believe the South is in any way a land slipping back into the past, afraid of change and hostile to new ideas, as so many critics portray it."

Collins was critical of the South's critics, but he also acknowledged that they had some grounds.

"Let's be honest about this," he said. "Too many of us for too long have allowed the South's own worst enemies to speak for it.

"We have allowed the advocates of racial and economic reaction—the very ones against whom we have had to struggle on a local and state level for every inch of progress we have made—to speak for the South, simply because they have made the loudest noise."

Collins acknowledged something else. He said that in spite of the great economic strides in the South—the bringing in of thousands of new industrial plants, the improvements in agriculture and cattle-raising, and the opening of atomic power plants—the South "still has a long way to go. Even with all its new-found industrial balance," he said, "the South remains the nation's own largest underdeveloped area."

This is confirmed by figures recently put out by the U.S. Department of Commerce on per capita personal income. The average per capita income for the fifty states in 1960 was $2,223. From a regional standpoint, the Old South (listed as the Southeast) was at the bottom of the heap, with an average per capita income of $1,607. And lowest of all of the states was Mississippi, with a figure of $1,173.

I began my Southern tour in the

Magnolia State, specifically in Jackson, its capital. Something like 300 Freedom Riders had been there ahead of me, and had landed in jail. I was interested in talking to Governor Ross Barnett because he had described himself as "a Mississippi segregationist and proud of it," and because his state was one of three that was still defying the Supreme Court order on school desegregation (the other two are Alabama and South Carolina). Barnett, a big, grim-visaged man, felt so strongly about the civil-rights planks in the Democratic and Republican platforms in 1960 that he arranged to have Mississippi's eight electoral votes cast for Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, who was going nowhere.

Naturally, as I waited in an ante room at the state capitol to see Governor Barnett, I thought I was in for a tirade on the racial question. I was wrong. He wanted to talk about only four things—improvement of the South's economic position, promotion of trade with Latin America, scientific and technological research, and states' rights.

Barnett told me that he hoped to bring about a conference between conservative governors of the South and conservative governors of the North to push his four-point program. Why a Northern governor would want to help improve the South's economy, especially if it meant losing more Northern plants to the South—this was something that Barnett failed to make clear.

The importance of Governor Barnett's emphasis on economics, and his reluctance to talk about the racial problem, escaped me at the time. In retrospect it seems clear that he has to be concerned about a better life for his people—he and every other governor in the South.

It was in Jackson, at the headquarters of the Citizens Councils of America, that I learned of something that was, for me at least, news. W. J. Simmons, national coordinator of the Citizens Councils, told me how his outfit was using radio and television in forty-five out of the fifty states.

Truly, this was an odd twist in American history. A hundred years after the start of the Civil War, which freed the Negro from slavery, the vanquished South was looking to the victorious North to help it keep the Negro in his place. To be more precise, Southern segregationists were hoping to line up Northern allies to help them head off integration below the Mason-Dixon line.

Barnett, who is a member of the Citizens Council, evidently was among the first to conceive of the idea. Simmons gave me a pamphlet containing a speech the governor made in 1960. In this Barnett said that anti-integration groups were springing up all over the North, from New York to California, and added: "The fact is that white people of the North don't like the NAACP and other left-wing organizations any better than we do. They're tired of having their political spokesmen bowing and scraping for the left-wing vote. And they're ready to do something about it.

"The fact is that the average white American, wherever he lives, doesn't want integration. . . . We in the South must capitalize on this feeling before it is too late. . . . The rest of the country is ready to hear our story; in fact, they are, in many cases, begging to hear it. They need our moral support. And we cannot—we must not—let them down."

In Atlanta I just missed a rally of the Georgia States Rights Council, at which there was more talk of lining up help in the North. Senator Herman E. Talmadge, Georgia Democrat, was quoted as saying that it was important "that we set up a counterforce in every one of the fifty states." And Senator James O. Eastland, Mississippi Democrat, was quoted as telling the rally: "We've got to resort to newspapers and television.

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It is up to the Southern states to join hands and carry this fight to the country."

The man who presided over the Atlanta rally was Roy V. Harris, rabid segregationist and old-time Dixiecrat, who is president of the Georgia States Rights Council. He expressed anger over the fact that the white high schools were about to take in ten Negro pupils and that the University of Georgia and Georgia Tech were to enroll five Negroes between them.

"That's fifteen too damn many," he was quoted as saying.

He repeated this when I flew up to Augusta to interview him in his law office. But, strangely, he laughed when he said it. He laughed some more in telling how it had been said of him in 1957 that by making a speech in Little Rock, Arkansas, he had "triggered" the rioting outside of a high school there. Well, had he really provoked the uproar that caused former President Dwight D. Eisenhower to send troops to Little Rock?

"I don't know whether I did or not," he said, chuckling, "but I hope to hell I did."

Harris is almost startlingly frank and outspoken. Presumably, he detests the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. Yet he bluntly acknowledged that the NAACP had run rings around him and the other segregationist leaders of the South.

"They've outsmarted us," he said. "They've had the organization and the money, and we haven't. The NAACP has had the press as well as the government on their side. I'd say that eighty per cent of the newspapers of the United States are wide open against us."

What was Harris going to do about it? He proposed a two-point program: (1) a long-range campaign to "sell the people of the nation" on racial segregation, and (2) an immediate campaign to organize the South so that it can better emulate the NAACP and play "minority politics."

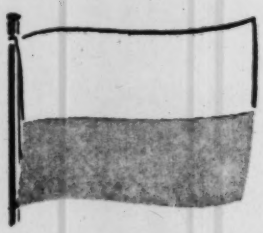
Like all the other segregationist leaders I talked to, Roy Harris was opposed to the formation of a third political party in the South. Evidently all of them remember the chagrin they experienced in 1948 when Harry S. Truman won in spite of the States Rights ("Dixiecrat") Party, which carried four states.

Harris said the whole South ought to do in 1964 what Mississippi did in 1960, withhold its electoral votes from both major Presidential candidates, and thus try to throw the election into the House of Representatives. Then, he said, the South could make "a deal," or "just sit there and keep them from naming a President."

To get back to the South and its economic welfare, there are two views about what should be done about the Southern Negro. Roy Harris told me that if the Negroes of his region keep pressing for integration, there was only one thing to do about them: "Fire them from their jobs."

James McBride Dabbs, president of the Southern Regional Council, takes the classic view that a nation's greatest wealth is its people—and he means Negroes as well as whites in the South. He says that the South must "show how the white and colored races can advance together into a brighter future than man has yet known."

A traveler in the South, listening to Roy Harris and others talk about lining up help in the North and playing "minority politics," gets the feeling that it is a desperate, back-to-the-wall campaign. And he senses that it has at least one serious weakness: the wall against which the segregationists have their back is beginning to crumble.



The Paradox of Poland

by GEORGE THOMSON

THE YOUNG American businessman in the plush bar of the Warsaw hotel looked puzzled. "I don't understand this country," he said. "On the train I found a policeman beside me who talked English. I felt sure he must belong to the political police sent along to keep an eye on me. But all he wanted to talk about was how much the police are paid in America and how badly they are treated in Poland."

This incident illustrates the paradox of Poland since Wladyslaw Gomulka came back to power by defying the Soviet tanks in the revolutionary crisis of October, 1956. There is a ferment of free speech alongside a censored press and a political system still under the tight control of the Communist Party. There are nominally three political parties in Poland but they are all Communist fronts. While I was in Warsaw, Premier Gomulka, as part of his election campaign, addressed the annual con-

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ference of the supposedly "rival" Democratic Party.

But the Polish Communists kept telling me proudly that they were the freest country in the Communist world, and they are probably right. Since the vast majority of Poles are not Communists and speaking their mind is the only safety valve allowed by the regime, there is probably more open grumbling against the government to be heard by a visitor to Poland than by a visitor to the United States.

Western diplomats agree that there are currently no political prisoners in jail for their opinions. The secret police still operates, but has had its teeth drawn. There was a repeated insistence that Poland is now more liberal than Yugoslavia, where Titoist heresies are enviously resented by the Polish Marxists. Certainly the Polish Djilases are not in jail. But they are not in the newspaper offices either. The "time of troubles"—as October, 1956, is euphemistically called—was sparked off by poetic manifestoes of freedom forcing themselves through the iron censorship on to the printed page. Afterwards there was a movement towards a freer press. But for some time now the trend has been reversed. The outright fabrication of news from the West which was a feature of the Stalin regime has not been resumed. But foreign news of an inconvenient nature is carefully censored out altogether.

Of course, Poland is not as free as Yugoslavia in terms of criticizing the Soviet Union. There is no overt criticism of Russia. But then there is not much public criticism of Russia in democratic Finland either. The Poles do not lack heroism, but most of them have accepted the foolhardiness of trying to fight geography.

It is their tragic destiny to be sandwiched between two nations—Russia and Germany—which history has given them ample reason to fear. They have decided you can hate on only one front at a time, and they concentrate on the Germans. Officially it is only the West Germans they fear. But I attended a conference at which East German delegates were present, and despite effusive protestations that Communist Germans were different from other Germans, it was clear that there was little love lost.

Naked Soviet power has been carefully withdrawn since 1956 but has left behind a visible reminder of its overshadowing presence in its legacy of architectural Socialist realism. Marzalkowska, once one of the great avenues of Europe, is now a dreary Stalinist stone desert. Above it towers the extremely ugly Palace of Culture, a gift from the Soviet Union.

"Where do you get the finest view of Warsaw?" ask the irrepressible Poles. "Why, from the top of the Palace of Culture, of course. That's the only place from which you can't see the Palace of Culture."

But the Poles have a sense of good taste that is not to be stifled. With loving care they have rebuilt their medieval town in the heart of Warsaw from heaps of rubble into an exact replica of its former glory. The rebuilt Parliament with its slender white pillars is as elegant as the Palace of Culture is crude. And on ramshackle billboards below the Red Star on the top of the palace, fly the tattered gay posters of the postwar Polish cinema—a sign that the creative spirit of the Poles remains unbroken.

But freedom of expression has been set sharp limits by Gomulka. He is a lonely, withdrawn man who looks like a priest and has the same sense of dedication. He is a passionate Polish patriot, but he is also a convinced Communist. The Soviet Union was compelled in 1956 to retreat before his patriotism, but only because they were assured he would keep all political power in Polish Communist hands. He has no illusions about Soviet Communism, of which he has had bitter first hand experience, but he has doctrinaire illusions about the West which he has never visited.

Where his own people are concerned his Communism is colored by common sense. "The details of life," he remarked in October, 1956, when the Soviet tanks were gathering around Warsaw, "are richer than Socialist theory."

He disbanded four out of five of the collective farms and increased investment in the land. Today in the countryside new fences are going up and the peasants are seen coming back from market loaded up with scarce consumer goods.

Gomulka has had success with the peasants, but he has failed with the youth. Despite vast propaganda sums spent on Communist youth movements, the university students remain overwhelmingly withdrawn from politics. Gomulka's real opposition comes from the Catholic Church.

Both Gomulka and Cardinal Wyszynski were in Stalinist jails and since 1956 there has been a unique though uneasy truce between them. In the 1957 elections the Cardinal voted Communist; in the April elections this year he retreated from this degree of support, but did not go to the length of telling the faithful not to vote.

Poles like grumbling and have a flair for bitter jokes about the restrictive Communist regime, but it would be a mistake to assume that given the chance they would revert to a Western-type private enterprise system. This is a false assumption that is common in both Russia and the West, and is one of the sources of cold war tensions. My guess is that they would stick to a liberalized socialistic economy.

Above all, the Poles passionately want peace. That is why they are now pressing again their Rapacki plan for a nuclear-free, ultimately-disarmed zone across Central Europe. They regard President Kennedy's arrival in the White House as opening a period of renewed hope for negotiating an ending of the cold war. And on this, for the Poles, everything else depends.

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

by RUTH MULVEY HARMER

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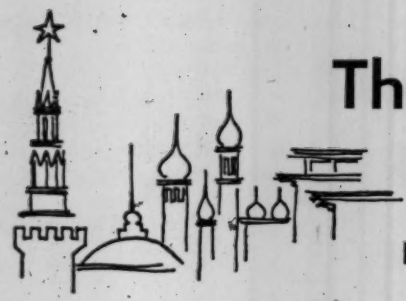

The Meaning of the New Soviet Manifesto

by SIDNEY LENS

REACTION IN THE United States to the recent draft program of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union brings to mind the story of the chap watching a Communist demonstration in New York's Union Square. As the police descended on the crowd, the bystander turned to the officer approaching him. "Look," he said, "I'm not a Communist, I'm an *anti*-Communist." Whereupon the policeman hit him over the head with his billy and shouted: "I don't give a damn what kind of a Communist you are."

A tragic result of the sterile anti-Communism that has evolved these last fifteen years is that we seem incapable of measuring change in the Communist world. Comments on the new Soviet manifesto reflect this general attitude. Senator Albert Gore, Tennessee Democrat, labeled the draft "ugly," and an unnamed State Department official deduced from it that "their problems appear to be more serious than was previously imagined." The New York *Times*' expert, Harry Schwartz, noted that the document departed "in some significant measure from a policy favoring consumers." We seem always to be searching for the negative, and to underrate or ignore the positive. Such self-delusion doubtless provides solace for those who are afraid to evaluate the achievements of the Soviet Union, but it does nothing to strengthen our own position or prepare us to meet the challenge of Communist expansion.

The Soviet program, only the second to be drafted since Bolshevism came to power in 1917, abounds in dreary cliches, dull diatribes, and wordy repetitions of previous themes. It was not written, however, for an American capitalist audience, but for Soviet Communists who have been nursed on a specific dogma for forty-four years. Khrushchev, therefore, reassures them that the evil system of capitalism is dying and the liberating force of socialism is triumphant. He pays the routine obeisance to Marx and Lenin—omitting, significantly, even a single mention of Stalin—so that if one reads the document hastily he can conclude that there is "nothing new" here.

Yet there is an important message in the draft program. It punctuates the new direction of Soviet life which began five or six years ago and promises now to continue indefinitely into the future.

The first program of the Soviet Communist Party was written in 1919, two years after the revolution. Russia had lost ten million men in war. Most of its industrial plant had been destroyed. It was surrounded and invaded on many fronts. It was weak, starving, isolated. Its words then bore the fiery tones of a have-not nation bent on revolutionary change. Speaking to the Communist International that year, Lenin said: "We do not seek an agreement with the bourgeoisie, we are going into the last, decisive fight with it." As a condition for admission to the Communist International formed the same year, foreign radical parties had to agree that "the class struggle in almost every country of Europe and America is entering the phase of civil war," that "without a revolutionary overthrow of capitalism no international arbitration, no talk of disarmament, no democratic reorganization of the League of Nations will be capable of saving mankind from new imperialist wars."

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The second program, forty-two years later, was presented recently in an entirely different atmosphere. The Soviet Union is now rapidly becoming a "have" nation. She is producing seventy million tons of steel a year, has a gross national product of $250 billion, and is now the second most important industrial nation on earth. Russia is no longer isolated or invaded. One-third of mankind lives under the hammer and sickle, while hundreds of millions more are in neutralist lands. The new program, therefore, while containing most of the shibboleths of the past, is essentially a reformist rather than a revolutionary document. Though it condemns "revisionism," it represents the most significant revision of Leninist doctrine in Soviet history.

What the program says, if one disregards its genuflections to past dogma, is this: Russia is now a "have" nation and hopes within twenty years to become the strongest economic force in the world that will offer its citizens higher living and cultural standards than those of the United States.

Under such conditions, the Soviet Union need no longer rely on Stalinist terror, but can relax controls and

introduce a few democratic safeguards. Capitalism has been so drastically weakened by the growth of Communism that it can be expected now to fall without violent revolution but rather by parliamentary means. The anti-war and anti-monopoly forces in each country—workers, peasants, middle-class elements, and small businessmen—are now so strong they can prevent their capitalist governments from initiating thermonuclear war.

Weighed coolly, this is a manifesto of moderation, not bellicosity. Under the previous Leninist doctrine war was said to be inevitable so long as capitalism existed. Now, Khrushchev insists, war can be banished "from the life of society even before the complete victory of socialism on earth, with *capitalism surviving in a part of the world.*" (Emphasis added.) Past doctrine held that capitalism would die a bloody death in a wave of violent revolution. Now, says Khrushchev, a new type of "popular front" can "defeat the reactionary, anti-popular forces, win a solid majority in parliament, [and] transform it from a tool serving the class interests of the bourgeoisie into an instrument serving the working people." Even further, the Soviet leader stated, "there will arise in certain countries a situation in which it will be preferable for the bourgeoisie . . . to agree to the means of production being purchased from it and for the proletariat to 'pay off' the bourgeoisie."

In another day such concepts would have been characterized as bordering on "social democracy" and their enunciators denounced as "traitors to the working class." But the Russian Revolution, like all revolutions, has reached a point of stability. By 1980 the nation will be producing 250 million tons of steel—two and a half times the present American level and almost twice our present capacity. The basis is being laid for an affluent society—and affluence, whether in a capitalist or Communist system, tends to make people grow less radical. After forty-four years the Soviet citizen can see on the horizon an accelerated improvement in his living standards; Khrushchev promises him that the "real income per head of population will increase by more than 250 per cent in twenty years." His housing problems, he has been told, will be solved; his rent, electricity, transportation, gas, medical, educational, and cultural facilities are all to be free.

Even if the program is not realized completely, the prospect is enormously heartening to the average Soviet family which has waited for four decades for a modest standard of living. To the Russian who for thirty years has lived with his entire family in a single room—and this included a majority of the population—the world of 1980 must loom as paradise. Last year in Moscow I saw a movie showing a beautiful girl being driven in a convertible car from one Soviet area to another. This is a symbolic dream of a nation entering the fraternity of "haves." And like all "have" nations it wants to avoid war—if only to enjoy its largesse of convertibles and new apartments.

Behind the facade of bombast and tired rhetoric Khrushchev is in effect telling the world: "We are tired of wars, violent revolutions, upheavals, and turmoil. We are now entering a period of plenty and we would like to be left in peace to enjoy it."

It is no accident that Stalin's name is never mentioned in the document, for it is precisely the tensions and tribulations under his regime that Khrushchev wants to avoid. It is no accident either that only eleven words are spent on China, with its 650 million people and its potentially pivotal role in world affairs. The ideological difference between these two Communist countries is rooted in their divergent economic circumstance. Russia is passing the hump into the society of "haves;" China is still a have-not nation struggling to achieve viability. The Russians formulate a "soft" Communism, revising basic theorems of the past; the Chinese become the custodians of Communist orthodoxy.

If much of this is hidden, it is only because the draft program drips with the religiosity of Communism. One of the magnetic features of Communist ideology has been its claim of inevitability. Communism *must* come: just as chattel slavery replaced primitive Communism, and feudalism chattel slavery, and capitalism feudalism, so socialism *must inevitably* "bury" capitalism. Most of the document is aimed at attempting to buttress this doctrine of inevitability. The first part speaks of the victory of socialism over capitalism: "The socialist world is expanding; the capitalist world is shrinking. Socialism will inevitably succeed capitalism everywhere." The capitalist world, we are told, is no longer able to "cope with the growing forces of democracy and socialism." Even more, there is a "mounting struggle between labor and capital; an acute intensification of contradictions within the world capitalist economy; and unprecedented growth of political reaction in all spheres, rejection of bourgeois freedoms, and establishment of Fascist and despotic regimes in a number of countries."

Concepts such as these, of course, make the draft programs seem wildly unrealistic. There is certainly plenty that is wrong with capitalism, and perhaps it would be healthier if our unions and our employers were less chummy. But it is nevertheless true that the struggle between labor and capital is abating in most capitalist countries, rather than mounting. It is equally true that despite the loss of so many colonies, most Western nations are more prosperous and more stable than ever before. This hardly sustains the thesis of "growing contradictions." And as for "Fascist and despotic" regimes, none has been established in any of the advanced capitalist countries. Clearly the critique of the present capitalist system presented by Khrushchev is grossly distorted.

Yet it would be folly to judge the draft program by its empty repetition of old slogans. Just as an American politician may swear by "Jeffersonian democracy" even as he torpedoes it, so every Soviet politician pays his respects to "Marxist-Leninism" even as he reshapes much of its theory. There are still many Russian leaders who long for the "good old days" of Stalinism when the state ordered and the individual obeyed or found himself in a labor camp. There is also China, aggressively trying to continue "hard Commu-

nism." Khrushchev moves therefore with a certain degree of caution.

As in all Communist documents, the kernel of this one is not in the verbose and standardized analyses but in a few choice phrases on war and revolution. Even Khrushchev's denunciation of "revisionism" as the "main enemy," and Yugoslavia as the main offender, must be taken with a grain of salt. The criticism is made not to obviate revisionism as such but to slow its tempo. The Soviet leaders are afraid of an uncontrolled move towards liberal ideas. They are loathe to grant full freedom of speech, assembly, or any of the other concepts now being discussed by revisionists in Poland or Yugoslavia, because that might seriously weaken their position. While revising standard Leninism themselves, therefore, they attack revisionism as the "main enemy" in order to control its pace. And they add as an important footnote the fact that the opposite evil, "dogmatism and sectarianism," must be "steadfastly combated" because it "can also become the chief danger at a particular stage in the development of individual parties."

It is no secret that in almost every Communist party today there is a Khrushchev "liberal" wing and a Mao-ist "dogmatic" one. The entire draft program is in effect an ideological blast at Chinese Communism. The latter continues to adhere to the theme that war is inevitable and revolution necessarily violent. If Khrushchev singles out Yugoslav "revisionism" as the main enemy of the moment and dogmatism as the potentially equal enemy tomorrow, it is only to cover his tracks and carry some of the conservatives along with him. For all of the proposed changes are in the direction of liberalism rather than tightened centralism. In the future, as in the past, there will be only one party in Russia, and it will tolerate no "manifestations of factionalism and group activity incompatible with Marxist-Leninist party principles." But the program calls for national referenda on major legislative issues. There is to be a constant turnover of leading personnel in all bodies. Thus, in unions half the leadership is to be replaced each election, and in the Communist Party's central committee one-quarter each election. There is a strong implication that in the future there will be a number of candidates for each post (as there are now in Yugoslavia), and leading officials will not be permitted—except in "special" cases—to serve more than three terms.

Cynics may argue that this is a long way from political democracy—and that is certainly true. It is even distant from the lively factionalism that existed in the Bolshevik Party at the time the first program was written in 1919. One can argue, therefore, that the present relaxations will not even put the Communist Party back to the levels of dissent it enjoyed prior to Stalin's total victory in the 1920's.

But what is significant, I feel, is the direction of Communist development. Step by step the reins have been relaxed—since the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in 1956 where Khrushchev and Mikoyan roundly denounced many of Stalin's more flagrant crimes. The first result was the downgrading of the secret police. There have been no purge trials since 1953, although the power of many of Khrushchev's opponents—Molotov, Malenkov, Zhukov—has been severely curtailed. There has slowly evolved an increasing structure of legality. Secret police no longer conduct trials *in absentia*, as they did in Stalin's day. Arrests are now by warrant and there is considerable respect for orderly prosecution. Workers once imprisoned for being frequently absent from work or late, and plant managers who were sometimes jailed for wrong economic decisions, are now treated much as they would be in Western capitalist countries—by being discharged. The area of decision is widening and the members of the presidium and central committee now have some actual power in the "collective leadership."

With the loosening of political controls there has been a sizable increase in the satisfaction of consumer needs, particularly in housing. The present seven-year plan contemplates twenty-two million dwelling units, enough to shelter one-quarter to one-third of the population. This is, whether we like it or not, a type of Communism different from that of Stalin's day—and every Soviet citizen knows it. Russians are still unhappy on many counts, but they are no longer afraid of being sent off to slave labor camps or arrested in the dark of night. For some of us this may seem an insignificant gain, since it certainly does not begin to represent democracy or freedom. But for a harassed generation accustomed to Stalin's terror it is a new world.

The draft program seems to signify that these gains will not only be kept but that more will follow. Within the next two decades, as Russian society becomes ever more affluent, we may even see the institutionalization of dissent—the right of basic criticism in the press, the formation of factions within the Communist Party, unions, and soviets. This may conflict with the American image of Communism, as a permanent totalitarian system. But Communism, like capitalism, is capable of evolutionary change. In the end it will probably be as different from the Communism under Stalin as French capitalism today is different from that of Louis Phillipe or the second Bonaparte.

To dismiss the Communist program as cavalierly as the American press has done is to sleep through history. To Senator Gore it may seem "ugly" and to our State Department experts it may be just a "rehash," but a sober reading of the document reveals the outlines of significant change in Soviet thinking and the emergence of concepts that magnify the challenge with which the West is confronted in the world-wide competition of ideas and ideologies. It would be difficult to conceive of a more self-defeating course than for us to go on with our diet of soothing syrup in a world exploding with change.

QUEEN of the AIRWAVES

by SHERWOOD ROSS

AMID THE tumult touched off by the celebrated address of Federal Communications Commissioner Newton Minow on the failure of network television, the tenth anniversary this fall of Chicago's radio station WFMT might pass unobserved. Its presence, however, should figure prominently in the public debate over whether the networks, which, according to Minow, are projecting "a vast wasteland" into American living rooms, can lift themselves out of the intellectual and cultural doldrums and still finish in the black. Although Minow, a Chicagoan, doubtless is familiar with the outlet, now the largest FM station in the United States, few persons outside his home city yet recognize the national importance of this booming cultural rebel.

The striking truth is that an unsubsidized radio independent, launched a decade ago on little more than high hopes, has risen to become one of the biggest radio stations in the nation, in terms of audience, and perhaps the finest, in terms of program. Its devoted listeners—who number not fewer than 700,000—make a strong case for the existence of a mass audience which supports fine arts programming of superb quality, an audience which network chiefs have long asserted exists only in the private fantasies of eggheads.

Until recently, the public had been hoodwinked into believing that the broadcasting industry, dedicated primarily to making a profit, cannot do so unless it caters to the appetite of a mass audience which can be enticed only by serving a kind of mushy bland pudding sprinkled liberally with bullets. By this topsy-turvy logic, the industry has readied plans to squander nearly half of this season's prime airtime on what *Time* magazine called "oaters, private eyes, and 'action-adventure' series" said to be "the bloodiest ever." Other hours not usurped by horses and hoodlums will be filled by tranquilizers like "Father of The Bride" and "This is Your Life," probably intended to relax viewers tensed up from overdoses of "Outlaws" and "Rawhide."

If nothing else, the gore-and-giggles format meets the first essential of the network bosses: it's a money-maker. The industry cleaned up $243 million before taxes last year (a season said to be the worst in its history), while driving away talented artists like writer-producer Robert Alan Arthur, who charged: "Television may be unique in our free enterprise system in that the harder one fights for a position in the market place, the poorer the product becomes—all in the name of 'satisfying the mass audience.' "

While the networks pander to what Minow terms "the lowest common denominator," WFMT, by reversing this formula, has challenged the network radio affiliates in Chicago and network television itself by providing a stimulating switch from TV fare. Its station owner, Bernard Jacobs, a former radio engineer of middle years, operates on the theory that his station exists to serve the public. He defines "public" to include those deafened by the noise and nightmare of the networks, both audio and video, and asserts that superior quality on the airwaves will elicit extraordinary response.

His insistence on programming fine classical music has steadily widened a listening audience which might otherwise have found no reason to prefer WFMT to other area FM outlets dispensing the "sweet music" purported to be the financial bread-and-butter of their trade. Instead, breakfasters are likely to hear "The Royal Hunt and Storm Music" with their toast and coffee, typical of a nineteen-hour-long daily broadcasting schedule crammed with Handel oratorios, Beethoven quartets, and Mozartian operas. Few stations anywhere budget so much time to classics of such olympian stature. The result: in a metropolitan area of five million, WFMT's 700,000 faithful comprise a group the networks can no longer ignore. Moreover, according to a survey by Northwestern University, WFMT listeners stay tuned-in more hours per week to this one station than to all other FM and AM radio outlets and all five television channels combined.

Of this triumph, the Chicago *Daily News* observed, "WFMT is the most unique radio station in the country and one of the city's most remarkable cultural possessions . . . a source of spiritual sustenance." Wrote Chicago *Sun-Times* critic Paul Molloy, "WFMT has blossomed out with a brilliant personality, a cultural giant amid the faceless midgets bogged down in wax." Both U.S. and foreign foundations have tied blue ribbons on the station. In 1957, WFMT became the only FM station in America, and the first Chicago radio station in a decade, to win the Alfred I. duPont Award for "meritorious service to the American people." The following year, alone among 4,000 station owners, Jacobs received the Thomas Alva Edison Award for founding the station which "best served youth." Next year, WFMT was picked to represent U.S. radio in the documentary class of *Prix Italia*, and it won Ohio State University awards for "the best cultural program" and "cultural excellence in overall programming."

Advertisers who vie to sponsor "The Untouchables" might be appalled by the format Jacobs uses to

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attract a mass market. Broadcasting 150 complete operas and 100 full-length plays each year, among other works, is supposed to spell financial ruin. Yet, WFMT devotes eighty per cent of its airtime to rebroadcasts from thirty-nine world music festivals, including those at Prague, Stockholm, Vienna, Bayreuth, Salzburg, and Bergen; concerts taped by the British Broadcasting Company and the national radio networks of France and Holland, as well as those from the Library of Congress series in Coolidge Auditorium, Washington, D. C., the Philadelphia Orchestra from the Academy of Music, and its own well-stocked record library.

Again discarding network dogma, WFMT does not confine public service programs to Sunday afternoons. It is the only Chicago broadcasting outlet to carry all Presidential press conferences, "This Week at the United Nations," a service of United Nations Radio, and lengthy special reports such as those from Jerusalem on the Eichmann trial.

On its ten a.m. weekday hour, "The Wax Museum," interviewer Studs Terkel has produced local interview shows with artists, actors, composers, and writers comparable to any found in the *Paris Review*. To the delight of Terkel's sponsor, his program smashed the notion that the mid-morning radio audience, predominated by housewives, will find such interviews dull and heavy-handed. If anything, guests like Pakistani poet Ali Alana, playwright Lorraine Hansberry, physicist Sir Julian Huxley, ballet dancer Igor Youskevitch, composer Alexander Tcherepnin, baritone Tito Gobbi, choreographer Agnes De Mille, lieder singer Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, novelists C. P. Snow and Meyer Levin—to name a typical cross-section—have proved that it is the nature of art to appeal universally.

Because of this appeal, WFMT early in 1958 became the first U. S. FM station to break into the Hooper ratings, and in every quarterly report since it has been ranked among Chicago's first ten stations. Its audience dwarfs that of its nearest classical music competitor, bulks larger than the overwhelming majority of local AM outlets, is ranked ninth in a field of fifty Chicago stations, and is the only FM station among the leaders. In a new move, Jacobs recently beefed up his station's effective radiated power from 30,000 to 120,000 watts, doubling the reception area to include the populous midwest hinterland surrounding Chicago, reaching out 200 miles to those listeners with first quality receiving equipment in cities like Dubuque and Davenport, Iowa; Springfield, Illinois; Indianapolis, South Bend, and Fort Wayne, Indiana; Lansing and Grand Rapids, Michigan; and Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin.

Of national interest is the fact that WFMT is virtually Chicago's only leading independent station that enjoys no corporate, network, newspaper, or radio chain backing. (The only other independent station among the leaders is long-established WAIT, now ranked eighth, an outlet beaming nondescript background music.) Even without a bankroll, WFMT has proved itself viable enough to siphon off listeners, customers, and sponsors from the city's cut-throat AM marketplace. When *Variety* several years ago headlined that WFMT had come within a gallop of unhorsing a network affiliate from the polls, the network outlet changed its format from "band music" to hard-core rock-and-roll and soared upward in the ratings.

In the pre-WFMT era, a station ordinarily broke into the top ten by broadcasting "formula radio," a format characterized by "popular music" and brief newscasts clogged with fifteen minutes of noisy commercials per hour. Even so, it required considerable financial backing. For instance, of the city's three surviving "band music" leaders, fourth- and fifth-ranked WBBM (CBS) and WMAQ (NBC) are buttressed by national package deal advertising, and third-place WGN is the satrapy of the Chicago *Tribune*. First-ranked WIND, whose output is heavily rock-and-roll, is owned by Westinghouse. Others offering more or less the same "music" are second-place WLS (ABC), sixth-place WCFL, run by Chicago's Federation of Labor, and seventh-listed WJJD, owned by Plough, Inc., operators of a radio station chain.

But it is culture, not coin, that gives WFMT its stature. Its early fiscal agonies were akin to those now deviling FM stations WBAI in New York City and its related Pacifica outlets, KPFA, in Berkeley, California, and KPFK, in Los Angeles, all fine music and quality discussion stations. Although listeners mailed in dollar bills, WFMT's first three years showed a ledger of red ink. Fortunately, the station's high quality inspired listener loyalty, and there were runs at advertisers' banks, record shops, and savings institutions that made sponsors shake their heads over its uncanny sales punch. Surveys later disclosed the station's audience of 250,000 families took home on the average about $9,000 a year each, and that Jacobs was dealing with the intellectual and business elite of the metropolitan area.

Moreover, the WFMT audience listened longer. Its unique and refreshing approach to commercials is partly responsible for this. Commercials, intoned in the sedate voice of an English philanthropist at a charity tea, total but three minutes an hour. None exceeds one minute in length; none transmits the music, harsh voices, jingles, or shrill gabbling heard in many radio spiels. Owner Jacobs even screens all would-be sponsors, bankers included, to protect his audience from pitchmanship. There is no question of who dictates station content or writes commercials. Station policy, which is public policy, is paramount, and if a symphony runs over its time schedule, there is no interruption for a "word from our sponsor." Sponsors, which now include major utilities, Blue Cross, nearly all foreign airlines serving Chicago, and realtors for a successful integrated housing development, all take orders from Jacobs, and his listeners, with a smile.

WFMT also serves Chicago as a clearing house for the arts. Its *Fine Arts Guide* catalogues some 1,000 listings scheduled for broadcast each month and provides notices of coming cultural events that are read by

25,000 subscribers who pay $4 annually for the service. In this respect, the *Guide* exerts a cohesive influence on the intellectual community, spurring the growth of local theater, chamber music, and discussion. Until recently, the *Guide's* full-length articles on art and composers took a back seat to the vital listings of coming programs and events. Currently, however, Jacobs is expanding the publication into a full-scale magazine of ideas and the arts known as *WFMT Perspective*.

One can advance many theories for the success of WFMT. Unquestionably, the failure of the networks to fire the mind accounts for the TV blackout in the homes of its listeners. Then again, Chicago's large foreign-born population, notably Poles, Italians, Germans, and Eastern Europeans, retain their old world love for fine music. Of first importance, though, is the cultural lag in WFMT's service area. For all its fine museums, Chicago lacks the cultural diversity of New York City. There are fewer art galleries, concert halls, movie theatres, and plays and musicals to lure listeners from their sets. In Chicago, you are far more likely to hear *The Lady's Not For Burning* on WFMT than to see it on stage.

Here and there, following the WFMT pattern, radio outlets are springing up which deserve recognition and support. Where once U. S. listeners along our northern border tuned in to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, they can now enjoy WDTM in Detroit, WFMR in Milwaukee, KWFM in Minneapolis. In the southwest, there is KHGM in Houston, and KFSD in San Diego. Meanwhile, the new WRVR, operated by the Riverside Church of New York City, and which sells a fine arts guide similar to the Chicago magazine, illustrates what a great institution can accomplish if it seeks to foster spiritual and cultural values throughout its community.

The popular success of these stations in Chicago, Lincoln, and elsewhere, is grassroots proof that a sizable audience for culture does exist. To widen it but requires the same promotion of Handel's *Messiah* that ABC puts into its selling job of *The Corrupters*. Men are not born with an instinctive taste for either blood or Beethoven. Such tastes are acquired. In Europe, even behind the Iron Curtain, radio is used successfully to instill over a wide audience cultural values frankly superior to those dictated by Madison Avenue. And this has been done in most Western European countries (Radio Sweden is a good example), without sacrifice of freedom or hint of censorship.

One need hardly spell out the need for disseminating these values. At a time when the spectacular growth of our cities throws millions of strangers together, breeding indifference and insensitivity; when these teeming millions are bombarded by a continuously televised Roman holiday of crime and violence; when the indices of juvenile delinquency and social disorder are on the rise; when the nation is faced by a grave totalitarian challenge—the need for broadcasting great cultural, spiritual, and educational ideas through FM radio cannot be understated.

In his address to the broadcasting chiefs, Minow pledged himself to launch educational TV on a grand scale: "If there is not a nationwide educational television system in this country, it will not be the fault of the FCC." While this is a noble goal, one wonders why an Administration styling itself as champion of a New Frontier cannot also assist the quality pioneer FM stations. If the FCC hesitates to dictate program content to broadcasters, lest such control lead to censorship, it could give unhesitating support to FM outlets seeking to provide a counterweight to the anti-culture of the networks. Of particular importance would be the creation of a Department of Fine Arts and Culture, among whose much needed and protean functions could be the ability to grant long-term low-interest loans to quality radio outlets. It could also make available to them, at small cost, recordings of local and foreign music festivals, drama groups, and interviews of consequence with the great thinkers of our time. Moreover, the FCC itself could limit applications for license renewal or power increases to those FM broadcasters whose outlets truly serve "public interest, convenience and necessity." An Administration which would create a department of cities to solve its urban crisis will make no mistake if it establishes a Federal agency for closing the culture gap. Through a rediscovery of classics and culture was the Renaissance born.

Meanwhile, WFMT and its FM counterparts, virtually alone among the broadcasting media, stand forth against the dark tides of anti-culture which threaten to engulf our humanist and democratic heritage. In Chicago, WFMT rises like a cathedral of the mind, a superlative, uncompromising tower in which the recorded wisdom, art, letters, drama, and music treasured up through the ages is funneled into a metropolis too long starved for these delights.

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Clean Germans & Dirty Politics

by MARTIN S. DWORKIN

SIX YEARS after victory in Europe and the trials at Nuremberg, there was a scene in a movie, made from a British book by an American company, in which Field Marshal Rundstedt (Leo G. Carroll) complained to Field Marshal Rommel (James Mason) about the Allied landings in Normandy. If it were not for interference from political generals in Berlin, he said, he would show the invaders of *Festung Europa* ". . . what a German general can do." The tone makes all the difference, of course, between this scene from *The Desert Fox* (1951) and so many similar scenes in the anti-enemy films of the war years, in which patently villainous officers boasted of victories we in the audience knew would never be won. Carroll and Mason appear as Germans, wearing Nazi eagles. But the film intended them to be believed in their dutiful optimism and to be accorded a subtle sympathy because they would not win, after all. More, the sympathy would not be misdirected, as these Germans obviously were enemies only in the old chivalric sense. Once defeated, they could be looked upon with affection—magnifying the victory, to be sure, in praising the vanquished.

As David ages, Goliath grows. But turning old enemies into friends is something other than boasting of old battles. And on screen, making allies of the Germans is no easier than elsewhere. It may require an imaginative wrench, and a renovation of memory, that the movie makers are less able to manage gracefully than can professional adepts at *realpolitik*. For, to admire the Germans' military prowess—or their peacetime regenerative power—is no more difficult than to admire ourselves, for having been superior in battle and strategically magnanimous in victory. But to turn wartime Germans into movie heroes, with whom we can associate our sympathies, requires either an unthinkable repudiation of ourselves, for having been their adversaries, or some alteration of the past, to make it all seem right.

A new enemy must be found in the old war, against whom we can imagine the ordinary, good, law-abiding Germans united with us—however fiercely and bloodily we may have fought. It would seem that the most accessible villains would be the Nazis—as they were in our own hortatory films during the war. But "the Nazis" can turn out to be embarrassingly specific, or vacantly general. They are either real people—hence, the very ones we try to heroicize; or they exist only rhetorically—and all the individuals and millions of our dead were struck down by abstractions.

The two generals in *The Desert Fox* are *not* Nazi. They may wear Nazi insignia, being Germans in uniform. But they are not involved in "politics." They despise all ideological considerations, which soil the military purities of warfare with civilian concerns. Politics, dirty civilian politics, brought on the defeat—if not the war itself. The soldiers, the ordinary decent Germans, are not to blame. It is the politicians who are—and they happen to be Nazis. This is the point of the scene, and of the whole film. In ways often refined and elaborated, it is the point of almost all American and British films—but, significantly, of only a few French and even fewer Russian films—since the old shooting war ended and the new political war began. For a complex of political, economic, and psychological reasons that are as effective as any official directives for propaganda strategy, a pattern came to be set that by 1958 *Variety* headlined as FILMS' NEW NICE-NASTY NAZIS.

For another complex of reasons, the reaction, including what by early 1961 *Variety* was noting as a NEW 'NAZI BEAST' FILM CYCLE, at first emphasized documentary realism, rather than dramatized rebuttal, using rediscovered newsreel and official footage, in addition to photographs and documents—as in the television presentation of the Winston Churchill memoirs, *The Valiant Years*, the numerous presentations of background of the Eichmann trial, and the Swedish-made *Mein Kampf* (1960). This film, an eloquently detailed, if compressed and selective survey of the Nazi epoch, was produced originally (by Erwin Leiser) to inform German youth about a history evaded or distorted by most of their elders. That the dreadful images of the film have been seen by great numbers of stunned, perplexed Germans surely justifies its making. That so many Germans, and so many others everywhere, see them unprepared can only condemn its timing. The response may also point up the indeterminate impact of the Germans' own bitterly self-critical films—including the East German *The Murderers Are Among Us* (1947), *Marriage in the Shadows* (1947), and *The Blum Affair* (1949); and the West German *The Devil's General* (1955), *The Last Ten Days* (*Der Letzte Akt*—1955), *Aren't We Wonderful?* (*Wir Wunderkinder*—1958), and *The Bridge* (1960).

One hastily made dramatization, the American *Operation Eichmann* (1961), was banned by the West German Film Censorship Board as "oversimplified." As melodrama, some form of exaggeration would be inevitable—even in this case. But the film provides what inevitably is no more than a minor gloss upon what is principally a massive production

of documentary realism. The Eichmann trial was managed to be publicized via all possible means of mass information—including films, for theater and television showing. The immense effort was surely intended to make propaganda: to tell the story of the Nazi horror to so many who had forgotten, and to so many more who had never known. But the telling also had to be counter-propaganda—less against resurgent Nazism than against recurrent inclinations of the victors themselves to separate the Germans from their politics. Not a small part of the background against which the trial must be viewed—and its justice or expediency measured—is made up of the "Nice-Nasty" pattern of presenting Germans in movie fiction, that became so striking a design of the decade.

Within the pattern there is some variation, as, for example, between British and American films—reflecting, among other things, hallowed differences in national style or temperament. The British, to begin with, enthusiastically specialize in movies about triumphant ingenuity, stiff-lipped gallantry under fire, and nervy prison-camp escapes. An Australian critic, Allen Boase, remarking that ". . . the war film of Britain has its Hollywood counterpart in the Western," goes on to complain that "World War II has been converted into a grand adventure story with the British serviceman always shown in a heroic light." An essential ingredient of this continued celebration, he might add, is the glorified German antagonist. Field Marshal Rommel of the African desert and Normandy, Admiral Canaris of naval intelligence, Captain Langsdorff of the raiding *Admiral Graf Spee*, General Kreipe of the garrison on Crete, and scores of others, real and fictional, are presented with chivalrous admiration and generous sympathy.

It is surely pukka British to rehearse, in *The One That Got Away* (1958), the damned good show put on by one conspicuously unpolitical German, Luftwaffe Lieutenant Von Werra, in escaping from such connoisseurs of escape—in one exploit all the way back to Germany from Canada. Such esteem would be commendable, and at its worst only wistfully boyish over manly games, if it were not for the unanswered, and largely unasked questions of morality in practice. In most of these films, it isn't the humanity or dignity of the erstwhile enemy that is being stressed, in order to decry the total hatreds of the years of conflict, or to depict the futilities or stupidities of war—as in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. In subtle or obvious ways, careful distinctions are made among the enemies—not so clearly between the "Germans" and the "Nazis" as between the "soldiers" and the "politicians." In the process, issues of why we fought at all tend to be ignored, minimized, or deliberately despised as unworthy of military concern. Soldiers or sailors are the heroes, and politicians the villains; and political soldiers, of course, are no soldiers at all.

The contrast, in *Sink the Bismarck* (1959), between the gallant, resourceful regular naval captain and the fanatic favorite of the Fuehrer who happens to be an admiral, is by now so multiplied a cliche of war movies that any truth or point in the matter is fatally exaggerated. The recurring separations of the regular military acting under orders and the believers-in-uniform fighting for this truth or that carry certain ironies involving the attitudes of civilians on questions of responsibility. The fundamental issues of the Nuremberg trials—and the Eichmann case—would seem to be most often judged irrelevant, at the least, before the romantic tribunals of popular melodrama. The black enemies and white heroes of wartime certainties are still opposed. But they are simply and comfortably redrawn, to distinguish between the black imperatives of those who care about a cause—be it Nazi or not—and the white triumphs or noble defeats of those who do their unquestioned duty for the unquestionable right.

American movies about the Germans have been even more romantically generous—and ideologically confusing—than the British, under pressures that have been somewhat more obvious and direct. The Hollywood studios seem to have been unusually responsive to State Department hints about the political importance of the feelings of an overseas audience—perhaps because the commercial importance of this particular audience has increased in the changing economics of the industry.

Since the mid-1950s, a sizable production of American films has been devoted largely or even primarily to favorable depiction of Germans during and after the war. And because these films have to sell their images of Germans to Americans first of all, and will always be American productions to the Germans, it is no surprise to see the Germans on screen bearing careful resemblances to Americans. What distinguishes the good Germans from the bad Nazis is not simply politics, unbecoming to patriots and soldiers, but degrees of American appearance and mannerism—ranging from John Wayne and Van Johnson to John Gavin and Marlon Brando.

The non-villainous or non-political German is a curious, recurrent figure of recent American films. His appearance is the more puzzling when seen simultaneously with those more numerous, familiar images of evil and enmity of the old war films endlessly unreeling on television. One way of defining his lack of sympathy for or contact with the contemporary Nazi politics of Germany is of particular interest. The good and true German doing his patriotic duty in World War II sometimes shows that his true loyalties lie with the old Imperial Germany—not, notably, with any attempt at democracy that may have intervened before Hitler. A little commercial psychology may be involved, too, in raising the ghosts of the gallant Count Von Luckners and Baron Von Richthofens of the books, movies, and radio programs of another era of romanticized enemies after victory.

The captain (John Wayne) of the German freighter in *The Sea Chase* (1955) sustains his resolution to outrun the British fleet, from Australia to the North Sea, by adverting to the

code of honor of the old Fatherland and the Imperial Navy—while an admiring not-so-Nazi spy (Lana Turner) offers unique encouragement. The inevitable Nazi political officer (Lyle Bettger) who is aboard as first mate is clearly more villainous than the somewhat unsavory British pursuers. But the logic of loyalty to the Junker code obviously demands that there be no treason against any evil, so long as it wears a German uniform.

Similarly, the German U-Boat captain (Curt Jurgens) of *The Enemy Below* (1958) nostalgically recalls the "other" 1914-18 war as the "good" war, when it was possible to be patriotic without politics—again personified by the single Nazi fanatic (Kurt Krueger) apparently carried by all German ships as standard equipment. The U.S. destroyer captain (Robert Mitchum) who is pitted against the noble German goes even further in eschewing not only politics but all personal feelings about the war. The enemy submarine might be the very one that torpedoed the freighter carrying his own wife. But he is out to sink it only because he is doing what he has to do, ". . . like that German captain down there."

The search for benign Sea Devils seems to beset the triumphant Allies a few years after each *Gotterdammerung*. One film, produced by an Italian company with an international cast, significantly places an American (Van Heflin) in the principal role of a latter-day Von Luckner. Based on the memoirs of Captain (now Admiral) Bernhardt Rogge, *Under Ten Flags* (1960) recounts the remarkably successful operations of a German surface raider masquerading as a merchant ship of many nationalities, against the concerted might of the British Navy, directed from the Admiralty in London by the shaggiest sea dog of them all (Charles Laughton). These operations are carried out with a minimum of bloodshed and with some deliberately unpolitical humanity—including consideration for a pregnant Jewish woman and her agonized husband.

Doing one's duty, the supreme military virtue, reinforces politics precisely because it insists that politics are irrelevant. In a way, the film of Erich Maria Remarque's novel, *A Time to Love and A Time to Die* (1958), tries to hold up the paradox as a light upon the German character. The young *Wehrmacht* soldier (John Gavin), struggling for a few shares of happiness with his bride (Lilo Pulver) amid the wreckage of Berlin, does make choices. While rejecting the opportunity to join the corrupt, pathological Nazi elite, he is hardly more than a spectator of the desperate life of the anti-Nazis in hiding, represented by his old schoolteacher (played by Remarque himself). His true loyalty, and his destiny, lie with his comrades in combat, who are celebrated in a manner barely reminiscent of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The decent Germans with whom we are supposed to associate vicariously are made to have as little use for politics as our own G.I.s or Tommies. They fight because they must, and other reasons, involving votes and choices and notions of right and wrong, are carefully made academic.

The heroes of *The Young Lions* (1958) and *The Last Blitzkrieg* (1958) are more complex, because they do ask questions. *The Young Lions* may be the most elaborate attempt to represent the ordinary German at war in terms of direct comparison with his counterparts on the Allied side. Following the general plan of Irwin Shaw's novel, the story of the German soldier (Marlon Brando) is played against that of two different Americans (Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin). However, the contrasts and parallels suggested in the book are blurred and erased because the character of the German in the film has been sentimentalized. There is no equivocation about Nazis here—whether in the American army or among the Germans. Two of the most powerfully realized sequences in the film are those of the battle of the Jewish boy (Clift) against the vicious anti-Semites in his own company, and of the discovery of a German concentration camp, crowded with decaying wrecks of humanity, during the last days of the war. The gradually brutalized German of the novel, however, becomes a curiously clean romantic, committed to bloodletting as necessary to progress—until he is confronted by the debris of defeat. It is not inappropriate that Brando's characterization amounts to a vulgarized American version of a Teutonic hero, tricked out in a blinding blond coiffure and an impossibly fictitious accent.

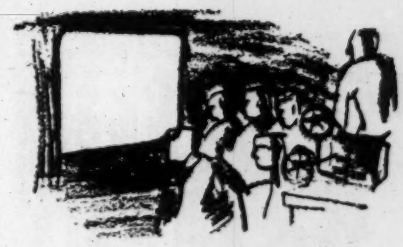
The German as Americanized good-guy may be carried even further, as in *The Last Blitzkrieg*. The hero (Van Johnson) mercifully does not speak with an accent. The whole point is that he can pass for an American—first among G.I.s in a prison stockade, then in a party of Germans infiltrating American lines during the Battle of the Bulge. In some vague way, this reluctant enemy turned even more reluctant spy-commando may be supposed to personify the doubts and conflicting loyalties of those Germans who were not involved in the politics of the Nazis, and not party to their perfidies and inhumanities. But the character and situation are imagined on a plane of childish fantasy, culminating in a scene of magic sentimentalism. The hero finally shoots his compatriots, and delivers a dying exhortation to

the effect that the good Germans have been misled by evil men, and that they must never shout "Heil Hitler!" again.

Of even greater delicacy in the game of reconstructing enemies by recreating them is the problem of the German girl. Of course, there were more immediate fruits of victory in fraternizing with the women of the vanquished than in perpetuating grudges. And German women, representing only another nationality of universally sacred, innately decent femininity and motherhood, had rarely been depicted in images of villainy—even in the most partisan propaganda productions during the war.

In *Fraulein* (1958), the dilemma and travail of the German civilian during and after the war is represented in terms of romantic sex, using some remarkable symbolism—the more significant, without doubt, if it is not deliberate. The girl (Dana Wynter) is plainly a piece of pure, pretty flotsam in a sea of vicissitudes. Having had some old-time decency instilled in her by her father, a professor of Greek, she is able to survive being orphaned and bombed-out, mauled by lascivious Russians, embroiled by profiteers and white slavers, and rejected by her fiance, an embittered, crippled, totally defeated Nazi. Throughout, it is the Americans who see her for her true inner virtue, and in the end it is they who wave the wands to work her rehabilitation.

A kindly Negro corporal (James Edwards) erases the classification of common prostitute—unquestionably unjust—from her records. An even kinder American major (Mel Ferrer), whom she had saved from capture during the war, is just in time to waft her towards America and an American happy ending. Here and there, some sharp commentary on aspects of German character is interpolated (by director Henry Koster). But the true spirit of the film overflows in vast CinemaScope-Color shots that frame the heroine's wholesome charms against the story-book Rhineland landscape. As he looks on, the nobly sentimental American major sees what many Americans want to see, so long and long enough after the war: a *fraulein* now so purified of politics as to make nostalgia uncomplicated, against a background of a tourist-poster Germany.



The presentation of wartime Germans in postwar movies surely reaches an apogee in *I Aim at the Stars* (1960), dramatizing the career of Wehrner Von Braun. Any film about Von Braun would have to take sides. To make one at all is not an act of impartiality, on issues so perfectly connecting responsibilities for the past, loyalties in the present, and anxieties over the future. To make this one, there had to be some reliance on the familiarity of the figure of the non-political German, working with mixed, but finally faithful feelings for Nazi purposes and victories. There also could be a confident assimilation of elements of traditional movie liturgies, celebrating the dedicated quest after this grail or that: the fastest racing car, the secret of the sound barrier, the unique dance-band sound—all sacred, all offering success and salvation and immortality, with a marriageable White Goddess usually nearby to provide earthly emoluments. The Von Braun of this film (Curt Jurgens), for all the futurism of his monomania for space travel, is a familiar figure on screen. A host of movie heroes has made propaganda for the civilized, deadly amorality of his career, first in developing the most indiscriminately destructive of Nazi weapons, and later in serving his relentless ambitions well enough in serving his captors well.

As in so many films of the 1950s, audiences are presented with an archly ambiguous German, whose wartime enmity is shown to have been no more than accidental; plainly, he ought to have been on our side all along—as he is now. The device of introducing one American (James Daly) who is bitterly critical, first as an army officer and then as a television commentator, actually compounds the ambiguity, adding a falsity the more ominous as it is obviously not intended. This single American critic surely represents many more, to whom the consequences of Von Braun's contributions to science and technology—in Germany and the United States—are matters of responsibility not quite made academic by any fanatic devotion to the cause of scientific progress. But the unfilmed fact is that there has been no such open, vociferous debate about Von Braun's character and policies, as is pictured in the film. The figure of the critic, however he may comprise symbolically a multitude of actual and potential objectors, is given prominence and access to the most powerful instruments of public persuasion in a way that has been denied to dissenters. We might accept the film itself as providing the missing platform, if it did not move so pointedly to exculpate Von Braun.

Any doubts about his activities for the Nazis are finally confronted with the overriding need, in the cold war over missile technology and space exploration, to match the Russians' captured German scientists with some of our own. Any questions about his aiming at the stars from our side are overwhelmed by the success of the Sputniks from the other side.

After admitting so much as unforgivable, the film presents an exigent present and a hopeful future to make it all forgettable. This may be tactically expedient, continuing that part of the publicity campaign for military rocketry and space exploration that has pushed Von Braun to newspaper, magazine, and television celebrity. But in continuing the imagery of the good German of the past as outside politics, and the good scientist of the present as outside responsibility, the film argues for a future of little meaning.

The surge of documentary and dramatized rehearsals of the Nazi era —including the Eichmann trial— may be in rebuttal to what was said and left unsaid about the past for the last decade and longer. But *I Aim at the Stars,* in many ways a culmination of its kind, makes plain that more than even the most dreadful past is still at stake.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Arithmetic of Politics

Dear Sirs:

Karl Meyer's article, "Waiting for Kennedy," in the September issue makes me wonder what Congress would have to show for itself if President Kennedy came out slugging in the harum-scarum style suggested.

I don't like it that no civil rights legislation has gotten underway, but I know enough arithmetic to know that there would be no minimum wage bill, no housing bill, no depressed areas bill, no aid to dependent children, no water pollution bill, and no social security improvements if the White House had raised the red flag of civil rights in front of the Southerners.

The only way the liberals can have their way on civil rights is to get a liberal majority in Congress and that means about twenty to thirty more northern Democratic seats in 1962.

I quite agree that Chester Bowles is the litmus paper for the Kennedy Administration. If Joe Alsop and Henry Luce have their way, Bowles will go and the men with ideas will beat a hasty retreat from the State Department.

The liberals could best spend their time these days by reminding the American people of why the Bowles style of diplomacy is needed today, instead of wringing their hands for fear that Bowles will be demoted.

Bowles turned the tide for democracy in India and he—better than any other American alive today—knows how to dramatize and humanize the intricate problems of U.S. foreign policy.

FRANKLIN WALLICK
Public Relations Director
Allied Industrial Workers of America
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Middle Way for Berlin

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for the excellent editorial in the August *Progressive* "Standing Firm in Berlin." Would that our President would read it and consider it deeply! A solution to the Berlin crisis—a middle way—*must* be found. The alternative of a nuclear war is inconceivable to the people of the world, even though glibly discussed by top officials.

Let us urge our Senators, Representatives, and President Kennedy to place the Berlin problem immediately before the U.N. Security Council and ask that that body take control of the supervision of that city as a neutral. Let us try to take a firm hold on the remnants of our sanity before it is too late!

MARGARET FORSYTHE
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

Back to McCarthyism

Dear Sirs:

James P. Warburg's "Opportunity in Berlin" in the September issue of *The Progressive* and your editorial, "Standing Firm in Berlin," in the August issue, provide remarkable insights into the whole frustrating problem of Berlin that one cannot find in the hysterical outbursts of the daily press. I think it is a measure of our gradual creeping back to McCarthyism that there is today such a widespread effort to condemn honorable negotiation as appeasement.

PETER HAGEN
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Misusing the Declaration

Dear Sirs:

When the high-minded, courageous signers of our Declaration of Independence pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in defense of their noble purpose they little dreamed that a Vice President of the United States would one day utter the same pledge to defend a people who but recently engaged in a devastating war against us to promulgate their nefarious ideas that were the very opposite of the Declaration's high principles.

JACOB J. LEIBSON
Halcott Center, New York

Appeasing Goldwater

Dear Sirs:

Readers of *The Progressive* probably don't need to be told, but it would be worth a great deal if America's non-Communist left could pull itself together and acquire enough influence to offset the "Goldwater right" which makes so much noise these days.

If the Kennedy Administration is serious in wanting a moderate sort of "center" position and getting popular support for it, the Administration will find that it must support and court this liberal left or else the radical right will try to run it. For the more appeasement offered Goldwater and Company, the more they will be encouraged to make a serious play for power. And in the semi-hysterical condition of this country over Berlin (and other crises) the voice of the radical right could easily become far more than a mere fringe of crackpots. It could determine Administration policy—as on Red China.

ANN HUBBELL
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Too Lenient with de Gaulle

Dear Sirs:

Our government has been much too lenient in its dealings with French President de Gaulle. He has flouted and insulted the United Nations on the subject of Tunisia and, more recently, he has blocked the way toward negotiation with the Soviets on the crisis of Berlin. How long will we permit this arrogant egomaniac to divert American foreign policy from its rightful course?

WILBUR LYONS
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Mayer's Purpose

Dear Sirs:

I get much amusement about the readers' letters on the subject of Milton Mayer's articles. I have known Mr. Mayer for a number of years and I am well aware that he has just one purpose in writing and that is to make people think. Sometimes he does this by direct writing, but more often by irony or satire, and it seems to me he, more often than not, insinuates into his articles items the average person has failed to take into consideration. As we all know, a valuable opinion is based upon consideration of all the factors. People who cancel their subscriptions are only depriving themselves of stimulation, even if by irritation, or of facts they did not possess.

ETHELYN M. HARTWICH
Seattle, Washington

Teacher Participation

Dear Sirs:

One rarely sees so acute an analysis of the so-called "professional" teacher associations as in the July article by Judith Stiehm. She correctly dubs them "The Millstone" around the teachers' necks.

However, two elements conspicuously absent in her otherwise excellent article were mention of existing organizations fitting her criteria for effective teachers organizations and mention of machinery necessary to solve problems presented by employment as teachers. I refer to the AFT (American Federation of Teachers) and collective bargaining.

The author states, "In order to be effective a genuine teachers' organization should be composed exclusively of class room teachers and should issue publicity and lobby on the local level with avowed self-interest, as well as carry on programs on the state and national levels based on pupil problems and interest." This approach has been central to the efforts of the AFT since its foundation.

Teachers' salaries are symptoms rather than causes. The central problem in edu-

cation is how to rescue it from the non-educator, and to liberate the person most intimately involved with the process of education—the classroom teacher—to participate with full maturity in solution of our pressing problem.

The AFT has long recognized this, and has shown that collective bargaining offers the machinery for accomplishing this aim. The millstones, administrator dominated teacher associations, have blocked this, along with other, worthwhile teacher-based goals. They realize full well how effective an all-teachers organization could be. It only remains for the teachers to recognize this too.

HUGH MACCOLL
Executive Secretary, Northern Section
California State Federation
of Teachers, AFT, AFL-CIO
North Sacramento, California

False Note

Dear Sirs:

Your June issue, "Latin America: Dynamite on Our Doorstep," was tops in most respects but I'm afraid I have to agree with the critical opinion of Edwin Halsey, in the People's Forum of the August issue, on your conclusions regarding Cuba, although please be assured I do *not* intend to cancel. I felt there was a slightly false note somewhere and he put his finger on it exactly. However, none of us is perfect.

His question, "Is there any sensible reason why the U.S. will change its record of exploitation of Cuba?" (or any other resource-rich country) is certainly rhetorical for no one in his right senses could give anything but a negative answer. That is as long as the sugar trust, the fruit combine, the integrated oil companies, U.S. Steel, and American Electric Power & Communications dictate our Western Hemisphere foreign policies.

I clearly remember some fifty or sixty years ago hearing my father (who was a staunch Bryan Democrat) wrathfully state "chickens always come home to roost" and the way we *liberated* Cuba (and other Caribbean countries) from the cruel Spaniard only to turn them over to the even more heartless Yankee investor would cause plenty of trouble later. It took the chickens a long while to get back to the hen-house but they could hardly have arrived at a more inopportune time or more embarrassing manner. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small."

HARRY G. ENTRIKIN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Eichmann's Role

Dear Sirs:

Marilyn LeVine indicates in the People's Forum of your September issue that the Eichmann trial distorted history, that Jews were not the only ones that were killed by the Nazis. Warsaw and Budapest, we are told, were destroyed and their populations killed by Hitler's orders.

I would remind Miss LeVine that the Nuremberg trials of 1945-1949 dealt with precisely these Nazi crimes against enemy states. In Jerusalem, however, it was Adolf Eichmann and not Adolf Hitler or any other Nazi who was on trial, and that Eichmann was the person exclusively in charge of Jewish affairs and the extermination of Jews.

The destruction of Warsaw and Budapest took place in the course of a bestial war against the enemy. The Jews, on the other hand, were singled out both in Germany and elsewhere not as members of enemy states but purely on ethnic grounds. And Eichmann was the instrument of their destruction.

RUTH HERSHMAN
New York, N.Y.

Crusading Professors

Dear Sirs:

Here in Washington the professors are crusading, too.

Ninety-two professors at this school, led by Dr. Giovanni Costigan of the department of history, have petitioned against a grossly distorted film called *Communism on the Map*, which slanders our allies as Communists. It even cast aspersions on the previous Administration as being Communist-dupes.

This film is put out by the propaganda factory of Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas. It takes advantage of people's ignorance of world history and politics. The result of the showings here and in other cities is that anyone who objects to it is called a Communist or a Communist-dupe.

We at this college are proud of the ninety-two professors for having the courage to go on record against this film.

LYNNE FAIRMAN
University of Washington *Daily*
Seattle, Washington

Bread and Freedom

Dear Sirs:

The resurgent idealism in today's youth is caught between two camps, each offering two incompatible premises. Senator Barry Goldwater lifts up the traditional values of individualism, freedom, self-reliance, nonconformity of the inner-directed. He says anew "to thine own self be true," and "man does not live by bread alone." *And this is good.* Unfortunately, the youth who comes to a purposeful life through a rejection of government insured security finds that he must also pledge, under Goldwater, to hate all who might threaten his advancement, to hold in contempt all less fortunate, and to substitute chauvinism for patriotism—even unto the atomizing of millions.

The "liberals" lift up the humanitarian values of compassion, brotherhood, sharing, self-sacrifice. They echo the words of James Russell Lowell, "True freedom is to share/ All the chains our brothers wear," and man does not live without bread. *And this is good.* Unfortunately, the youth who comes to a purposeful life through rejection of exploitation and war finds he must also support, under the liberal banner, monolithic government, enforced paternalistic protection of the individual, and increasing regimentation in private life.

One respects individuals and scorns the suffering of masses; the other cares for masses and sacrifices the dignity of the individual. Neither will long hold the truly idealistic among today's youth.

We, the generation of the Thirties, should have grown and learned in the ensuing years. Can we old liberals rise above love of *our* cliches, prune out that which has proven false or frail, integrate the best values of both camps regardless of labels?

Let us dare to offer to our reawakening youth a bold and honest banner for the Sixties proclaiming that respect for human dignity demands both bread and freedom—bread to strengthen each individual to live up to the venerable American ideal of freedom to make mistakes, freedom even to fail. Let us end the warfare between idealisms and provide a leadership under which both emphases of the American dream may be welded into a fit instrument to lift and guide an aching world.

MRS. WILLIAM S. SAMUEL
Winterset, Iowa

Disarmament and China

Dear Sirs:

The United States has not been interested in disarmament since Hiroshima. If President Kennedy is now interested there is an acid test. We can have no meaningful negotiations without China, mainland China. The acid test is American recognition of China and proposing that she take her rightful seat at the United Nations. While the United States uses its automatic majority to prevent even debate of this question, the world will continue to doubt her sincerity and motives.

ROSCOE A. FILLMORE
Centreville, King's County
Nova Scotia, Canada

Not with a Bang

Dear Sirs:

We, the people of America and the people of Russia, stand helpless before history and, as we face each other, our eyes are mirrors of fear, our minds tombs of suspicion, our hearts monuments of hostility.

We stand benumbed by the acceleration of events: we stand idly by and gape at the roar of rockets, at the madmen, like us, fanning the glowing embers of war; we stand guilty in our silence while the threat of a nuclear holocaust that will fry humanity and scorch the planet increases with every missile shot, every launching base built, every bomb tested, every plane, gun, and knife put in the hands of men who hate because they fear.

We accept with barely a murmur of doubt the facile—and fatal!—assumption that peace is secured by preparing for war. Can the tree of war, its roots planted in a common bed of distrust and hostility, bear the fruit of peace? We are poor historians.

Our children may never live their autumn years. Yet we Americans do not complain; the Russians dare not—or do we all not really care? The conflict is ideological, we say; the issue is moral, we say—and it is. And we are on the side of virtue. But they,

no less than we, are as virtuous as their belief in their own way of life is strong. Beliefs are often suicidal and virtue is a phantom thing—it flits from camp to camp, and no amount of virtue is shield against the deadly heat, shock, and dust of unleashed atoms.

If we want to live there is no alternative to co-existence. And if we do not heed this final imperative, then even T. S. Eliot's epitaph will not survive:

This is the way the world will end
Not with a bang but a whimper.

NOEL IVERSON, JR.
Minneapolis, Minn.

View from Peking

Dear Sirs:

The basic trouble with United States-Chinese relations is that the American people do not try to understand what is going on in China. It is so much easier for them to believe the lies they are fed daily. The State Department is continually setting up a straw man it calls "Red China" and continually vanquishing this straw man, while the real Red China goes on from victory to victory.

A few of the unbelievably many misconceptions about China include: that Chiang Kai-shek was elected president by popular vote; that the people love him dearly; and that they long for his return to bring "democracy" back to the mainland. Fact: Chiang was merely the strongest of many warlords; the people *had* his rule for many bitter years and will have no more of it.

Another: That China was conquered by some outside influence—"conquered by the Communists." Who were these Communists? Were they creatures from Mars? No. Were they Russian hordes? Again, no. These Communists were Chinese leaders who organized the workers in the cities and the vast number of embattled farmers. It was these farmers and workers who vanquished Chiang, captured his weapons, won over millions of his soldiers, and drove him from the mainland.

How did the Communists win over the overwhelming majority of China's people, the peasants? By giving them decent, brotherly treatment for the first time in history. Other armies, foreign or domestic, had robbed and frightfully abused the peasants. The Communists *helped* them.

Another U.S. misconception: that China is, according to the Voice of America, about to "sweep down over the lush plains of India." This is so much horsefeathers. Those "lush plains" are already full of starvelings, begging for U.S. food. China has millions of acres of wasteland which will take many decades of work to put under cultivation. China has mineral and other resources which will keep even her tremendous population busy.

Young Chinese, men and women, work industriously and enthusiastically all year building roads, dams, clearing wasteland, planting forests, and in other ways changing the face of China. Yet you certainly cannot call them slaves, any more than the members of a football team are "slaves" when they obey signals. The Chinese feel that they are members of a great team, the greatest team on earth. There has never been any cult of the individual in China; they have always gone in for collective living. Before starting any new work, they have discussion meetings and know exactly what the current movement is about, what is to be done and why and how.

About those offshore islands, Quemoy and Matsu: any time during the last few years China could have taken them overnight, had she so desired, just as she could take Hong Kong (which is dependent on the mainland for water and food) and Macao. She doesn't take them right now because those islands are more useful to her in making the United States look ridiculous, and making U.S. officials squabble among themselves, and with their "allies," especially the British, who are forever on tenterhooks wondering when some fool American admiral is going over the brink.

If the United States government and people would only try to find out what is really going on in China and in Chinese minds, instead of creating myths and believing those myths, it would be better for everyone on earth.

You realize I am writing as a private individual; I am not in on the discussions of the State Council, I am not being bribed by Peking gold, nor is there a commissar with a whip standing over me as I write. When I ask my Chinese friends who are Communist Party members for advice, they tell me I can write anything I please, or not write at all, just as I choose.

DOROTHY FISCHER
Peking, China

Needs Library Materials

Dear Sirs:

We are planning to re-organize and re-catalogue the Highlander Folk School Library and would like to add to our collections on sociology and race relations, especially problems of segregation in the South. We are interested in receiving from readers of your publication pertinent material, books, pamphlets or periodicals, fiction as well as documentary, from any year and for any age group.

Highlander's core program is for adults, including ministers, teachers, social workers, and grass roots leadership in rural and urban communities. We also hold workshops for college students and have a summer project for high school youth. Furthermore, we hope to build up the kind of library in race relations which will be useful to research students as well as to our own clientele.

MYLES HORTON, Director
Highlander Folk School
Monteagle, Tenn.

Voice of Common Sense

Dear Sirs:

We have been readers of *The Progressive* for a number of years now, and it is at the very top of all periodicals I read. Not only does your magazine seem to be a consistent voice of common sense in a distaught period of history, but knowing that many others listen to this voice gives me hope that some of us with like ideas are pushing along the same way.

The Progressive is a fine magazine, and when it arrives each month I think, "Now I can get some idea of what has been going on in the world."

MEREDYTH B. SWISHER
Visalia, Calif.

Penetrating Criticism

Dear Sirs:

In these times, when the favorite diversion of arm-chair experts outside the United States is to criticize every aspect of American life, it is gratifying to know that the most penetrating and valid criticism is coming from within its own borders, in *The Progressive*.

Thanks to your magazine, we see the side of America which more resembles its historic traditions, a side that at times seems to be inundated by the media of mass culture. Thanks for carrying on against these tremendous odds.

W. G. CARTER
Toronto, Canada

Nominated for Oblivion

Dear Sirs:

Let us hope that before the end of the year 1961 we may have the privilege of viewing a certain tombstone upon which is the following inscription:

"Here lies the HUAC. It choked to death on its own propaganda."

BONNIE M. CURTIS
Guymon, Oklahoma

H. G. Wells Society

Dear Sirs:

An H. G. Wells Society has recently been founded, composed of admirers of this distinguished writer and persons interested in his life and works, who are eager to encourage a wider interest in his writings and ideas. I would be most grateful if any of your readers who may be interested in joining such a Society would kindly write to the undersigned, from whom fuller details can be obtained.

J. R. HAMMOND
39 Rugby Road
West Bridgford
Nottingham
England

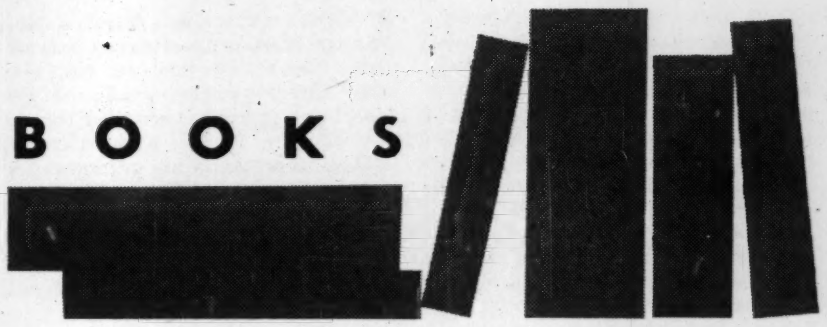
Objective Interpretation

Dear Sirs:

The Progressive is indispensable out here for objective interpretation about developments in the United States. It is especially important for us since too many Americans in the Philippines read nothing but *Time*.

REV. RICHARD DEATS
Manila, Philippines

BOOKS



That Cultural Explosion

by RICHARD SCHICKEL

OUR MORE impressionable social commentators call it a cultural explosion; the cool-eyed commercial promoters of artistic enterprises are convinced that they have latched on to a very good thing indeed; nearly all of us have been struck in some vital part of our consciousness by the shrapnel sent flying by the explosion. Culturally, we are, as a nation, getting more bang for the buck—and are spending more bucks—than any nation in history.

The figures are, at first glance, impressive. Last year, for example, we consumed (a better word than read) one million paperback books per day. Where once there were fewer than 100 symphony orchestras in the land, last year there were 1,142 of them—more than half the world's total—sawing away in towns big and small. We now spend more money for concert admissions than we do for baseball tickets, and we spend as much for records and hi-fi equipment as we do on all spectator sports. Thirty million Americans play musical instruments, and the dollar volume of the musical instrument industry has grown to five times its pre-war level, as have sales of painter's supplies.

There are now 5,000 community theaters in this country, housing a quarter of a million amateur theatrical societies. Seven hundred and twenty-eight opera production groups now operate within the continental limits, if not always within the limits of the highest critical standards. Last year more than twice as many people trouped through New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art than passed through the turnstiles of Yankee Stadium (although, admittedly, the Bombers were having a bad season). And, just to top it all off, a statistically-minded choreographer recently fluttered back to New York with the startling intelligence that one out of two American families would like to see some member of the family circle take up the dance.

Life, which likes to put such matters into sweeping historical perspective (and which tends to regard culture and free enterprise as interchangeable verities), put the whole business in round, ringing terms: "Like great cultural explosions of the past, Hellenic Greece, Renaissance Italy, Elizabethan England, etc., it is the fruit of wealth and leisure—but with the vast difference that America's wealth and leisure are shared by all its citizens to a degree hitherto unknown in the world. . . . Qualitatively, it may or may not yet be a great culture, but quantitatively there is an awful lot of it; with culture as with everything else they undertake, Americans have to have more of it than anybody else."

The statement is just a little too rich for the reasonable man to digest without gagging. One must wonder if the coal miner in West Virginia is devoting much of his unemployment compensation to ballet tickets. Is he as much of an art patron as the groundling in the pit of the Globe theater? Can a mass society ever, in-indeed, produce a cultural flowering comparable to that of a small, closed society in which high art is the handmaiden of a tiny elite group, superbly educated by comparison to the surrounding mass?

Eric Larrabee offers a much sounder historical perspective than that of *Life's* editors. "In the Eighteenth Century the question that absorbed the thinking of the best minds in the United States was the achievement of political democracy—and we answered it. In the Nineteenth Century the question that concerned the best minds was achieving economic democracy—and we answered that, too. In the Twentieth Century, serious thinkers firmly believe that the main challenge to the United States is the achievement of cultural democracy—but that still remains to be answered." Another way of saying the same thing is to note that the hard work of building a society is finished—that we now have time to concentrate on the fringe benefits of civilization.

It is true that there is "an awful lot" of culture around these days—but an awful lot of people are around, too. With a population double that of 1900, it is no wonder that we are selling more tickets to concerts than we used to. It would be far more remarkable if we were not. "Suddenly," as Leonard Bernstein recently exclaimed, "there are mass markets." But it is not necessary to go so far as the late Bernard DeVoto who declared that "a generation ago most Americans were musical illiterates; today many of them are initiates at the age of twelve and connoisseurs and sophisticates at sixteen." This, as any working musician will tell you, is at best only partially true. In general, the majority of culture vultures hang back from the avant-garde feast; they wait a long time before acquiring a taste for new artistic morsels. This widespread attitude is hardly symptomatic of a lively, engaged attitude toward culture on the higher levels. If there has been a growth in the *percentage* of the population interested in high art (as opposed to a

growth in the raw numerical strength of the art patrons), it can be attributed to socio-economic causes, not to a sudden upsurge in an Athenian devotion to the muses.

We are an affluent society, and as it is with individuals, so it is with nations—cultural fever is ignited when there is money to burn. In addition, the tax laws encourage a good deal of indiscriminate cultural spending. Most of the professional theater in this country, for instance, is underwritten by individuals who would, for tax reasons, be happy to lose rather than make money on their investments. It is also possible to give all your money to a cultural institution—and then live, virtually tax-free, on an allowance doled out to you by the lucky institution. On a more modest scale it is possible to give a painting, at a nicely inflated price, to a museum, which will, in turn, allow you to hang it on your wall until you die—as handsome a tax dodge as one can display. Thus, a good share of the dynamite in the cultural explosion is made out of greed.

The experts trace some of the apparent growth in cultural activity to the increased leisure-time available to Americans. And here, by making some statistical comparisons, we can gain an important insight into the sincerity of the nation's desire for cultural improvement. Undoubtedly, there is more leisure available now than at any time in our history. But how much of it do we really devote to improving our minds?

Well, only seventeen per cent of us are reading a book—any book—at this moment. In less prosperous England, fifty-five per cent of the population has a book going at any given moment. Americans are spending more time on second, part-time jobs than they are in our theaters and concert rooms. And every American family is averaging close to six hours a day huddled around the television set. That medium has achieved something like ninety per cent saturation of the nation's homes and, to quote that most dismal of statistics once again, there are now more television sets than bathrooms in the United States. Serious commentators like David Riesman are beginning to suggest clinics to improve the individual's chances of finding meaningful leisure occupations. With the wonders of atomic energy and automation barely tapped, we stand at the beginning rather than at the end of a trend to more and more leisure time for the individual. Already the forty hour week is a thing of the past for six million Americans. By 1975 the majority of us may well be on a four day work week. As Clifton Fadiman has put it, "It doesn't take a psychologist to predict that if we try to fill . . . leisure time by putting a small white ball in a slightly larger hole or gawking at television crooners, we will as a people go quietly or noisily nuts."

This leads to the vagrant speculation that all those community drama and musical societies may not be evidence of a cultural awakening at all. Their chief value undoubtedly belongs to the realm of therapy rather than art. The umpty-thousandth production of *The Seven Year Itch* in a community theater hardly contributes much to the cultural enhancement of the nation, but it probably is invaluable in helping participants from going stir-crazy in our pressure-cooker society.

No consideration of the alleged cultural revolution of our time should, however, content itself with a wisecrack about amateur theatricals and leave the qualitative questions about the nature of that revolution to be answered by such ambivalent standards as individual taste or patriotic necessity. One can safely state that the torpid majority in any country will be satisfied to spend its leisure on backyard barbecues (or their equivalent) until kingdom come and that the energetic minority will attempt to broaden its horizons.

The real question is: how adventurous will the minority be in its pursuit of the finer things? How deep, how genuine will be its commitment to excellence? Here, the achievements of the American cultural "renaissance" are open to serious question. If we take as the primary standard of a culture's vitality its interest in the new, in the restatement in contemporary terms of the great values of art, it seems apparent that our minority of torch bearers are woefully remiss.

Some items: the only full-time professional opera in America—the Metropolitan—almost never puts on American works, new or old, and only rarely presents works of the world repertory that were written in this century, Puccini aside. Further, it does almost nothing to encourage new operatic writing. It, and its handful of sister institutions (San Francisco, Dallas, Chicago) prefer to remount the works of another age and to leave the experimentation to colleges and to the New York City Center which, with foundation help, has proved that there are good new works and some kind of audience for them.

The same criticism can be leveled at the symphony orchestras of the nation. They play beautifully, the best of them, but they refuse to take any responsibility for the encouragement of the new. A minor orchestra—Louisville's—has probably presented more new works in the past decade than all the major American orchestras combined. For the most part a young composer can wedge himself on to a program only by the most adroit maneuvering, and he can expect exactly $50 for his efforts—half of which must go to his publisher. Even then he can expect half the audience to walk out before the first down-beat of his work and the other half to nod sleepily as it proceeds.

The situation of the writer in America is equally wretched. Only one-seventh of the books published each year are novels and poetry. Of those 2,000 or so volumes, more than half will be aimed at the popular market or Hollywood. The first novelist cannot reasonably expect an advance of more than $1,000 or sales of more than 700 copies at the outside. The established novelist will be lucky to sell 5,000 copies. In a nation of 180 million this is hardly renaissance-level book buying.

Theatrically, the nation is even more moribund. With the exception of a few college campuses, new plays are presented only in New York and only in a theater dominated by the expense account trade and by the theater party bookers. These factors put a premium on entertainment for the tired businessman and the tired clubwoman. The result is that there hasn't been a good season for five years—and that was a rare exception. There are practically no worthwhile

young playwrights coming along, and the older ones apparently stopped thinking in 1939. The truly vital works which penetrate the American theater's curtain of irrelevancy come from Europe.

The graphic arts are dominated by a tiny circle of critics, dealers, and collectors. The needle has been stuck on abstract expressionism for a decade now and *schmeerkunst,* which has an ideational content of zero but which is dear to the cult of feeling (a last refuge for the art patron too lazy to learn anything), rules the roost.

So it seems fair to state that we still have in America a conservative, passive, unadventurous, and feminine high culture. It is the last adjective which is, historically, the key one. The American man of affairs has always been too busy to pay much attention to the arts and has been more than happy to put art in a pigeonhole, remote from the rest of life, and to let his wife watch over it. Intellectually, alas, women are conservative, passive, and unadventurous. Hence, they have always tended to wait for Europe or for history to place the stamp of approval on an artist or a work before they dare to express their own approval.

Mason W. Gross, the president of Rutgers University, summed up the need for a fresh attitude toward the arts when he wrote: "No matter what great and significant things have been said in the past, and no matter what tremendous significance they may have for contemporary man, it is still a vital necessity for us today to say something for ourselves, to express what seems to us to be of great significance in our own experience. . . . The preservation of the true value of our culture involves its continued restatement in the contemporary world . . . what we must guard against is the use of the word 'culture' to mean only the culture of the past . . . preserving our culture means keeping it alive, and keeping it alive means listening to it when it tries to tell us something about the world in which we are currently living."

It should be apparent to the most casual viewer that the voice of high culture is a small one indeed when compared to the voice of mass culture, and that brings me to an embarrassing business. We know that the media of mass culture are doing poorly intellectually and artistically. Bad culture continues to drive out good on the airwaves, in the movies, even on records and on the stage. Standards drop lower all the time. Much of the so-called cultural explosion—or at least the excitement surrounding it—stems from the frenzied activity of our intellectuals and middle-brows to prove that the United States does have something besides gangster films, quiz shows, and Roy Rogers to offer the world. If it does not, then democracy stands indicted as a failure, unable to meet the last of the three goals which Eric Larrabee listed. We are insistent on the point; the true voice of America is the Philadelphia orchestra or Marian Anderson or Martha Graham or Frank Lloyd Wright or Saul Bellow or Jackson Pollack. Listen, we seem to cry, hear that thin piping sound rising clear and bell-like over the cacophony of the mass society? That is the real America.

But, of course, it is not. Artistically, it is hard to find, these days, a real American voice. Our mass culture has a metallic ring to it; our high culture speaks with a lisp. This is not the place to discuss the withdrawal of the serious artist from the democratic dialogue of our times. We can only note, as Ortega did thirty years ago, that this is a world-wide trend and one which has been in process since the turn of the century. It is not a uniquely American phenomenon. What is peculiarly American is the attempt to seek rapprochement between high and low culture, often to confuse the one with the other. It is the upsurge of cultural nationalism on the part of intellectuals and middlebrows alike which is the cause of all the flapdoodle about the cultural explosion.

One has to agree with Leo Rosten,

who states that "relatively few people in any society have reasonably good taste or care deeply about ideas. Fewer still seem equipped . . . to handle ideas with both skill and pleasure. . . . Intellectuals seem unable to reconcile themselves to the fact that their hunger for more news, better plays, more serious debate, deeper involvement in ideas is not a characteristic of the many. They cannot believe that the subjects dear to their hearts bore or repel or overtax the capacities of their fellow citizens."

America was founded on utopian intellectual premises, and it was able, through the years, to make truly remarkable progress toward political and economic democracy. These areas are subject to rational debate, discussion, and persuasion. But no one has yet been able to debate good taste into being, to legislate an appreciation for high culture. To argue otherwise is to argue against all the experience of history. So, the final conclusion about the cultural explosion must be that the number of the minority interested in high culture has grown as the population has grown and that, as a result of this general growth, it is now economically feasible for communities to build cultural centers to house their interests and for certain businesses to cater to them. A prediction that this minority is about to become a majority is about as sensible as the notion of a new Atlantis rising out of the sea.

This is nothing to be ashamed of. No society in history has ever had a majority for high culture. But there is a final factor in the cultural boom which must be accounted for. That is the influence of the cold war. You cannot pick up a paper without reading of some politician who has declared that we are engaged in a battle for men's minds and that we must broaden our program of cultural exchange. Our artists have enthusiastically joined in the clamor. As of last June, more than 3,500 American artists, in 132 productions, had appeared in a total of 102 foreign countries. Since the $2.5 million we spend every year on such programs roughly approximates the cost of a single ICBM, we are probably wise to con-

tinue—and even expand—the program, despite the pressing needs of certain places for a decent diet before they can fully appreciate the Boston symphony orchestra. Prime Minister Nehru told Martha Graham that her "dancing and artistry will do more than all the planes and dollars in gaining understanding for the United States in India." And I might also note that since the Russians are playing the cultural game for all it is worth, we can ill-afford to let them exclusively occupy the best theaters in the uncommitted capitals of the world.

The only trouble with the cultural exchange business is at home. Historically, the American has regarded culture as a frippery, nice enough to have around if the ladies like it, but of little practical use to anyone. Now, at long last, it seems that we have found a use for culture. It is enlisted on our side in the cold war. But art, to borrow Archibald MacLeish's phrase, "should not mean, but be." It is its own reward. Somehow, it seems perverse to encourage it simply because it is politically useful. One might have hoped that we would not force the growth of interest in the arts for such a mundane reason. We are ramming science down the throats of our youth because we seem to need more scientists to compete with our enemies. On a less frenzied basis we seem to be forcing culture on them for the same reason. In the long run this will serve art badly (and perhaps the nation as well).

The day Americans—a much more sizable minority of them than now exists—love art for its own sake and are deeply engaged in its processes, the day a *new* artistic enterprise can stir up a good argument and attract a decent-sized audience—on that day we can begin to believe in the reality of a genuine cultural millennium. Until then, let it merely be recorded that interest in the arts is expanding just like everything else in an expanding nation—and that all the talk about the cultural revolution sounds a bit of a fraud.

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Inside the Kremlin

THE POLITICS OF TOTALITARIANISM, by John A. Armstrong. Random House. 458 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by

Harrison E. Salisbury

SINCE early June the world's attention has been focussed on a gradually rising crisis over Berlin which moved toward a climax in early autumn. The crisis, with its corrosive effects upon international relations, its rising and unpredictable effects on American opinion, its tension upon the alliance of Western powers, and its ever-present menace of suicidal global warfare was precipitated by a memorandum presented to President Kennedy at Vienna by Nikita S. Khrushchev.

If we leave to one side the question of Mr. Kennedy's calculated program of response to the Khrushchev challenge and whether or not it has been designed to meet the essence of the Soviet leader's initiative, the question inevitably arises as to why Khrushchev chose this particular moment to touch off a radical rise in the temperature of world relations.

Did Khrushchev believe that he could stampede a young and inexperienced American President into premature international negotiations? Was his move a piece of international blackmail on a colossal scale? Does it represent sheer adventurism on the part of an erratic and unpredictable tyrant? Is there some internal compulsion which compelled the Soviet action at this particular time?

These are only a few of the questions which have bedeviled American minds for many weeks. The answers are not easy to come by and the more ready and positive the less reliable they are likely to prove.

For the serious student of Soviet motivation Professor Armstrong's comprehensive and penetrating examination of the past twenty-five years of the Soviet Communist Party will provide at least the fundamentals of an approach which renders the current crisis considerably less mysterious than the latest headlines.

The Politics of Totalitarianism is the first scholarly examination of the inner workings of the Soviet Party in three of the most critical periods of its existence—the purge period of the middle and late 1930's, the war years and immediate postwar reconstruction era, and the final stage which encompasses Stalin's death and the rise of Premier Khrushchev.

Two factors have enabled Armstrong to shed new and revealing light upon the workings of the Kremlin group. The first is the material which became available during and just after the war in the form of Soviet records and documents which fell into German and thence into American hands plus the evidence of the thousands of Soviet citizens who became resident in the West. The second—and by far the most important—is the enormous amount of material brought to public light by the Soviets themselves in the post-Stalin period plus the insight available from our much freer view of the political maneuvers within the leadership group since 1953.

With the aid of this material the author is able to construct a fairly adequate guide to the movements, pressures, shifts, conflicts, and evolutions which the Soviet Communist Party has gone through since the assassination of Sergei M. Kirov, the Leningrad Party leader, December 1, 1934—an act possibly instigated by Stalin himself which led to the purges of the 1930s.

The importance of the task of reconstruction of events which Armstrong has carried out is that only by means of such "sociological archeology" are we placed in possession of

accurate evidence as to what factors actually go into the making of high Soviet Communist Party decisions.

There has arisen, unfortunately, in this country, a whole school of Communist "interpretation," led in his day by the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, which assumes that the key to Communist motivation is to be found in the texts of Marxism-Leninism. Dulles used to point proudly to the volume of Stalin's *Problems of Leninism* on his desk. He had read it and having read it felt that he knew all the answers to what Moscow was up to.

This was perhaps an extreme case of reliance upon the written record for clues to Soviet conduct. It is perhaps revealing that nowhere except in the footnotes does Armstrong mention this famous Stalin contribution to dialectical thinking.

"I believe," Armstrong remarks, "that the essence of totalitarianism, Nazi or Soviet, is political power. . . . A key aspect of CPSU (Communist Party of the Soviet Union) history has been the struggle for power among Party leaders . . .

"Consequently, I have devoted much attention to personalities and personal relationships in the Party command and in the other Soviet bureaucratic apparatuses. No doubt this approach will appear superficial to those analysts who view development in the U.S.S.R. almost exclusively from the standpoint of 'broad social forces' but I remain unconvinced that one's view can encompass the Soviet forest before one has scrutinized the trees."

The record Armstrong spreads before us is one of a constantly shifting balance of forces at the pinnacle of Soviet power. True, Stalin fully dominated the scene. He reigned with a totality few tyrants have matched. Yet, within that totality struggles were always in progress among the lieutenants—often, indeed, encouraged by Stalin. And this process has continued since Stalin's death. It has demonstrated clearly, as Armstrong notes, "how inadequate 'democratic centralism' is as a device for attaining the orderly transfer of power and resolution of conflicts within the ruling circle."

Nevertheless, thus far such conflicts have been settled within the general framework of preservation of the Soviet state and party structure (although these were definitely threatened by the late Police Chief Lavrenti P. Beria). However, there is no real limit to the totality of the struggle for power. The absolute nature of the conflict leads its participants to utilize, as Lenin seemed to teach, any means to an end. Extremism answers extremism. And in this psychological reality, Armstrong believes, the world confronts a clear and present danger—the danger that "a contestant for Soviet power may precipitate catastrophic world war to enhance his domestic power position."

Armstrong, like most close observers of the Soviet scene, is fully convinced that Khrushchev is intimately aware of the danger of nuclear war and is not himself likely to plunge us over the brink into global suicide. But he has detected quite obvious tendencies by Khrushchev to utilize international crisis for possible domestic needs. The first example was the short-lived Turkish crisis in October, 1957—threats launched by Khrushchev which simmered down after he had successfully removed Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov from high rank. The same psychology was revealed by Khrushchev again in June, 1960, when he boasted of success in compelling the liquidation of the Suez crisis of 1956 and the Lebanese crisis of 1958 through threats of Soviet power.

Is that what Khrushchev has been doing again in the summer of 1961?

The answer is surely not yet clear. But Khrushchev in October confronts the twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. He presents to it a radical new Party program. He hopes to win not only wholesale success within his own Party. He hopes conclusively to demonstrate the unity of the Communist world against his Communist rivals, the Chinese.

Perhaps, the unifying results of a world crisis upon the Communist parties was entirely absent from Khrushchev's mind when he deliberately timed the Berlin conflict for the late summer and early autumn of 1961. But Khrushchev is a most astute politician. He may not be the first national leader who seeks to rally domestic unity by means of an "enemy" beyond the frontier. Indeed, he may not be the only national leader engaged in utilizing that hoary political device at this very moment.

For those who would like to arrive at their own conclusions about the mainsprings of present-day Soviet conduct with somewhat greater accuracy and reliability than contemporary accounts afford, Armstrong's work cannot be too highly recommended.

Frontier on Health

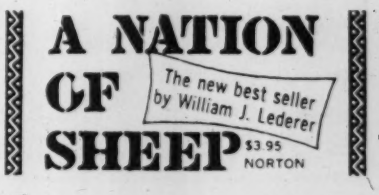
DOCTORS, PATIENTS, AND HEALTH INSURANCE, by Herman Miles Somers and Anne Ramsay Somers. Brookings Institution. 576 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by

Selig Greenberg

THIS BOOK by a husband-and-wife team of Haverford College economists is a truly remarkable achievement. Exhaustive in scope, balanced in approach, and illuminating in its insights, it is by far the best job yet done on the manifold aspects of the complex problem of the organization and financing of medical care in the United States. In an area long beset by sloganeering and extreme partisanship, Herman and Anne Somers have a fortunate knack for puncturing cliches gently and advancing revolutionary ideas in a tone of moderation. Both bring to the task years of study and experience in social security, industrial relations, and related fields, and their writing is well above par for the products of academic scholarship. The book's only drawback—and it is more than anything else the penalty of excellence—is that its sheer bulk and profusion of detail may deprive it of the wide readership it richly deserves.

Starting with a vivid description of the growing complexity and changing character and structure of our medical services, the authors examine provocatively the varied phases of



THE REVIEWERS

RICHARD SCHICKEL is on the editorial staff of Show, a new magazine of the performing arts. He wrote "The World of Carnegie Hall." HARRISON E. SALISBURY, a New York Times correspondent with extensive experience in Russia, wrote "To Moscow—and Beyond." His new book, "Moscow Journal," will be published this fall, and his first novel will appear in January. SELIG GREENBERG is a distinguished reporter and student of medical problems for the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal and Evening Bulletin. MERRILL JENSEN is a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. WILLIAM McCANN reviews paperbacks regularly for The Progressive.

the challenge of rising costs and expectations in the health field. Skillfully analyzed are the transformation of medical practice, the modern hospital, and the drug industry; the far-reaching alterations in the volume and character of consumer demand for medical care; the causes of spiraling medical costs and the crisis confronting voluntary health insurance; the subtle ingredients and changing nature of the doctor-patient relationship, and many other factors certain to have a bearing upon the future organization of medical care in this country.

The authors rightly hold that the primary concentration of health insurance upon surgery and other hospitalized illness is economically, as well as medically, unsound and that there is an urgent need for extending coverage to out-of-hospital services, including doctors' fees and drug and dental costs. They are not at all sure, however, that these goals can be achieved at a practical price solely under voluntary auspices. They point out that the imbalance in the existing pattern of insurance coverage and other inflationary forces are tending to depreciate the level of protection against the costs of illness and warn that some degree of government intervention is inevitable to control costs and provide coverage for such poor-risk categories as the aged.

Brilliantly—and devastatingly—examined are the medical profession's "tarnished image" in the popular mind and the mythology of the doctor-patient relationship to which organized medicine continues to cling, even though it has become totally irrelevant under the impact of scientific advances. The Somers feel that the traditional concept of the doctor-patient relationship has degenerated into a public relations stereotype, "has lost most of its beneficent value and may now have become injurious to doctor and patient alike." They deplore "futile attempts to perpetuate . . . a past which, for the great majority of sick people, never existed" and call for a shift "from an authoritarian to an educational relationship and from the passive to the responsible patient." Such a shift and an organizational structure conducive to quality as well as economy entail, they emphasize, new institutional arrangements, notably those of group practice.

In view of the fact that competitive individualism and a completely open market have long ago ceased to exist in medicine, the authors say, "the issue of 'freedom' versus 'controls' is largely academic." They see the issue instead as "whether the many existing controls can be coordinated and redirected toward greater emphasis on economy while . . . providing the maximum degree of freedom compatible with the maintenance of quality." Another way of defining the issue, they state, is that it "may no longer be regulation versus laissez-faire but regulation versus public operation." It is primarily up to the medical profession's maturity and sense of responsibility, they conclude, whether the high expectations of the American people for continued improvements in health care can be met through a combination of private and public arrangements within our pluralistic tradition. A complete government takeover may become inevitable if the doctors fail to adapt themselves and their institutions to the imperatives of progress.

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Our Cultural Legacy

THE CULTURAL LIFE OF THE NEW NATION, 1776-1830, by Russel B. Nye. New American Nation Series. Harper. 324 pp. $5.

Reviewed by

Merrill Jensen

THE New American Nation series, unlike the old one, includes volumes on such topics as cultural history. Russel B. Nye defines cultural history to "mean chiefly the development of ideas and institutions," but he admits that "in the last analysis much of it simply defies exposition."

One of the great problems faced by the cultural and social historians is the development of a pattern of organization. For the most part they reject the conventional framework of political or economic history. In doing so they tend to avoid two areas in which Americans have concentrated much of their efforts and about which they have done some of their most serious and significant thinking. Cultural historians have not as yet offered a substitute framework and all too often they have dealt with figures who are peripheral to the mainstream of American life, or have presented an off-focus picture of central men and ideas. Parrington was one notable exception, and whatever the defects of his work, he did offer an intelligible framework for the study of American ideas in action.

No period is more in need of some pattern of organization than the years between the Declaration of Independence and 1830. The Americas of George III and Andrew Jackson were two different worlds. Between 1776 and 1830 an old and sophisticated generation of men died off and their places were taken by men of lesser stature in every way except as practitioners of the art of politics. An America which was hemmed in between the Appalachians and the Atlantic in 1776, and which faced eastward to Europe, had turned about and was ready to leap to the Pacific by 1830. Some Americans faced westward eagerly, but others were reluctant, for the westward movement of people and the creation of new states were shattering the hold of the old seacoast planter-mercantile aristocracy on American life and politics. It

was being shattered too by the inexorable shift in the direction of a society that was soon to be dominated by industry.

Nye is aware of these changes and of the ideas they produced but he has chosen instead to deal with other facets of the history of the period. Aside from chapters on "The Foundations of American Thought," "The Roots of an American Faith," "The Structure of a New Society," and "Emerging Patterns of Social Life," which outline general changes, he has not offered an organizational framework. Most of the chapters are essentially topical ones on science, education, religion, architecture, and the like. The chapters on religion are particularly good, and he does as well as anyone can with such an intangible as the "roots" of an American faith. The style is lucid throughout, which is no mean achievement considering the elusiveness of some of the subject matter. The book is based largely on monographic literature rather than on the original research of the author, but the survey is a good one and it will be useful to students of the period, whatever their particular interests.

Paperback Plums

by William McCann

For rocking-chair and bedtime readers who seek amusement rather than serious instruction there are, among paperbacks now in print, some beguiling books. Here is a basket of choice plums:

The Best of Saki (H. H. Munro), selected and with an introduction by Graham Green (Compass. $1.25)

A Nonsense Anthology, collected by Carolyn Wells (Dover. $1.25)

The Road to Miltown, or *Under the Spreading Atrophy*, by S. J. Perelman (Simon and Schuster. $1.45)

The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody, by Will Cuppy. Illustrations by William Steig (Dell. 35 cents)

Archy and Mehitabel, by don marquis (Doubleday Dolphin. 95 cents)

Inside Benchley, by Robert Benchley. Pictures by Gluyas Williams (Universal. $1.45)

The Owl in the Attic, and Other Perplexities, by James Thurber (Universal. $1.25)

The Beast in Me, and Other Animals, by James Thurber. Abridged edition (Avon. 35 cents)

The Middle-aged Man on the Flying Trapeze, by James Thurber (Universal. $1.25)

Potluck Pogo, by Walt Kelly (Simon and Schuster. $1.)

The Silver Treasury of Light Verse, edited by Oscar Williams (Mentor. 50 cents)

A Pocketful of Wry, by Phyllis McGinley (Universal. 95 cents)

I'm All Right Jack, by Allan Hackney (Signet. 50 cents)

Life Among the Savages, by Shirley Jackson (Ballantine. 35 cents)

Please Don't Eat the Daisies, by Jean Kerr (Crest Book. 35 cents)

The Girl in the Freudian Slip, by William F. Brown (Signet. 35 cents)

A Subtreasury of American Humor, edited and abridged by E. B. White and K. S. White (Pocket Books. 35 cents)

The Comic Tradition in America, An Anthology of American Humor, edited by Kenneth S. Lynn (Anchor. $1.45)

Native American Humor, by Walter Blair (Chandler Publishing Co. $2.75)

1066 and All That, A Memorable History of England, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (Dutton. 95 cents)

Beat, Beat, Beat, by William F. Brown (Signet. 35 cents)

Fables in Slang and *More Fables in Slang*, by George Ade. Illustrations by Clyde J. Newman. Introduction by E. F. Bleiler (Dover. $1)

Life With Father, by Clarence Day (Pocket Books. 35 cents)

Laugh With Leacock, by Stephen Leacock (Appolo Editions. $1.95)

Quo Vadimus, or the Case for the Bicycle, by E. B. White (Universal. $1.25)

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FREEDOM: PROMISE & MENACE, by SCOTT NEARING, A critique of the cult of freedom, which challenges the basic assumptions of the American Way of Life. Published September. Clothbound, 208 pages. $3.50. Social Science Institute, Harborside, Maine.

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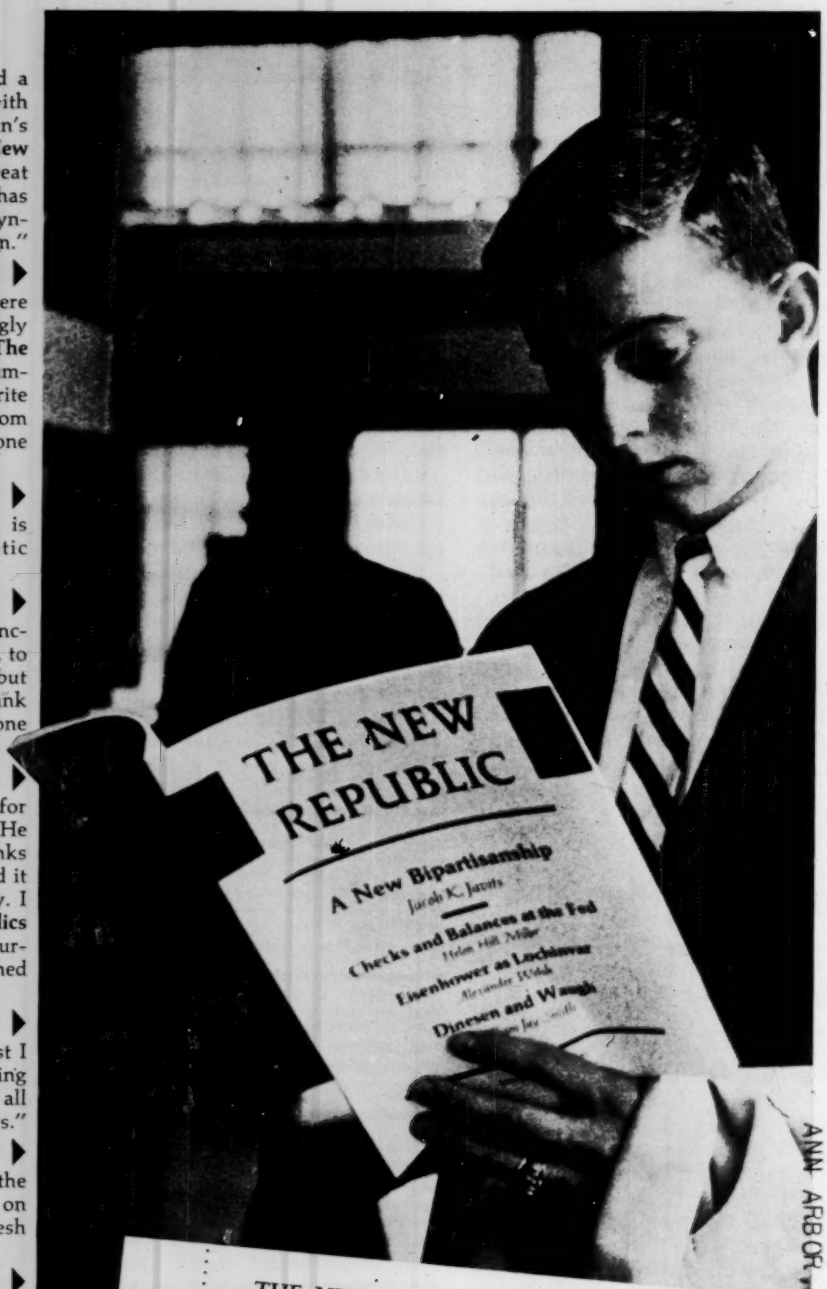

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